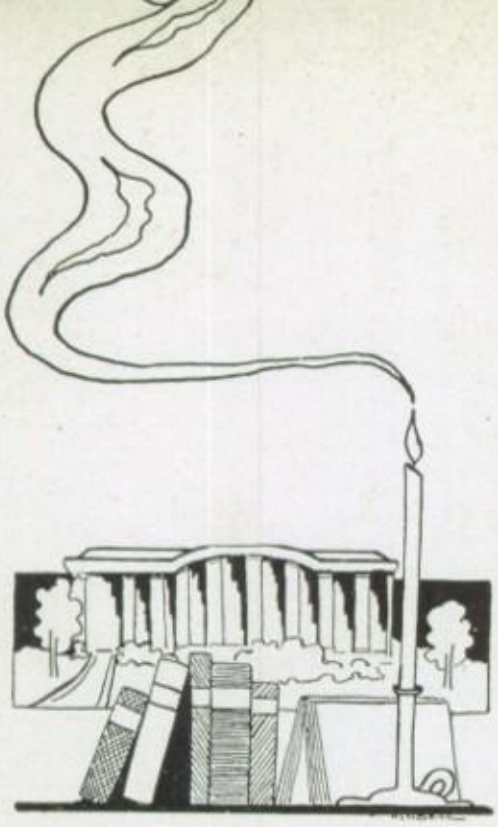
FACTS and FANCIES



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1934

By the Senior Class
of
Washington Seminary
Atlanta, Georgia

Yearbook National Scholastic Press Association Member
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Member Dixie Interscholastic Press Association

FACTS AND FANCIES 1934

G. de Arechavala-
A-C-Butler-

FACTS AND FANCIES

VOLUME XXXIV

PRESENTED BY

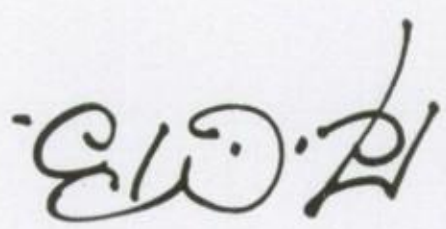
THE CLASS

OF NINETEEN

THIRTY-FOUR

WASHINGTON SEMINARY

ATLANTA, GEORGIA



DEDICATION

We, the Senior Class of 1934, dedicate our yearbook to

ABBY CONGOR BUTLER, who has made possible the art

work of this volume of *Facts and Fancies*. We pay tribute

to her not only in appreciation of her genius and her

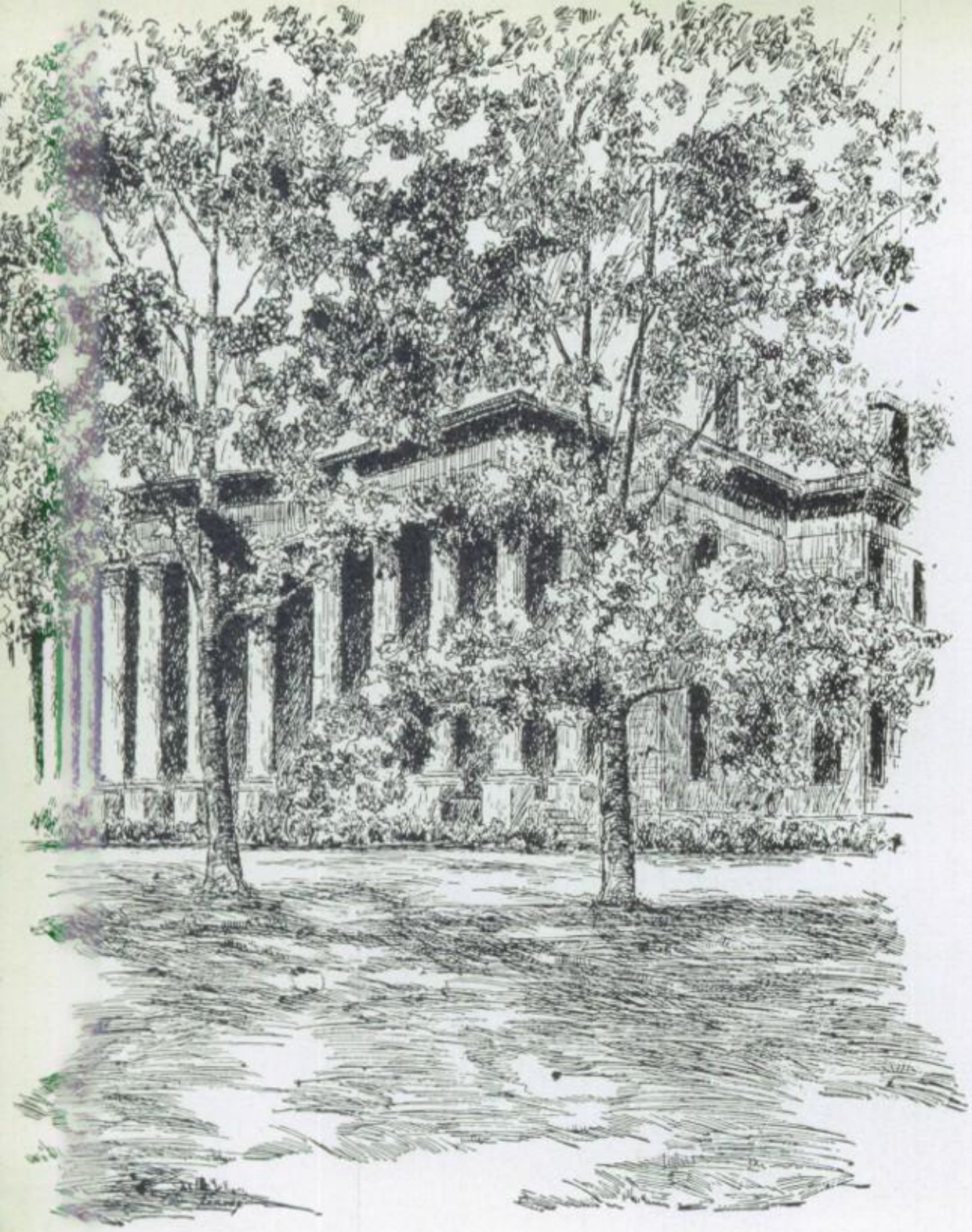
achievements but because of her personal graciousness

and generosity. In her we recognize a great artist,

a great teacher, and a loyal friend to

Facts and Fancies

past, present and future.



FOREWORD

Each issue of FACTS AND FANCIES attempts to record the events of its year. In this, the thirty-fourth edition, it is the ambition of the class through its staff to leave behind not only a record of our school days, but also an idealization of the Seminary as we knew it. From the frontispiece through the division pages, the school is pictured as it will always remain in our memories. The frontispiece features the drive in the spring, a lingering last impression the class has as it goes out. The first division page, *Faculty and Students,* depicts the school building which dominates everyday life from September to May. The second division page, *Activities,* focuses attention on the art studio out of which have come important contributions for nearly every issue of FACTS AND FANCIES through the years. The sketch, also, suggests the little workshop of the Dramatic Club and the path leading to the gymnasium and the pageant grounds beyond where some of the most important school activities take place. The third division page, *Features and Events,* pictures the lovely inner court of the dormitory, reserved for gala occasions, such as, the reception for the seniors after class night. The big achievement of the senior class of the present year as of all other years is FACTS AND FANCIES. This volume constitutes the culminating event of school life—class night. May the thirty-fourth edition of FACTS AND FANCIES provide for the future, happy, loving memories of our Alma Mater.

—Dora Bowden,
Editor-in-Chief.

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EDNA MAY BURNS

Member of the Class of 1934

June 1, 1916—*May* 30, 1932

LOVELY, LOVING, TRUSTFUL, BLITHE,

UNDISMAYED BY DEATH AND SORROW,

EXQUISITE EMBLEM OF YOUTH'S ENDEARMENTS—

EDNA MAY IN MEMORY LIVES!—*V. S. H.*

THE SCHOOL

FACULTY

AND

STUDENTS

FACULTY WHO'S WHO

Little wonder that Seminary girls are "high minded." Look at the faculty, twenty-eight of them with training from all over the United States and part of Europe. It is a truly representative group—upstairs, downstairs, in milady's parlor, the latter being reserved for the devotees of the fine arts.

Among the teachers of high school subjects, Miss Emma, Miss Sharpe, Miss Martin, and Miss Nora Belle claim seniority with Mrs. Heath, who returned six years ago, insisting upon being ranked in this group in that during her first year out of college she taught at the Seminary, associated with those just listed, before the day of all others now on the facu'ty. Miss Emma, with training at the Sorbonne, sets a pace to which the others of this group add Goucher College, a Kentucky college, Pomona College, Johns Hopkins, a teachers' college in Philadelphia and one in Nebraska, the University of Nebraska, the University of California, Northwestern University, the University of Chicago, and nearer home our own University of Georgia, with Miss Emma and Miss Nora Belle having received their early training at Washington Seminary.

Constituting the more recent members of the academic faculty are first Mrs. Olssen ("Miss Bessie") and then in order, Miss Davis, Mrs. Dumas, Madame Berry, Miss Schaeffer, Mrs. Johns, Miss Jo Scott, and very recently Mrs. Stout. These teachers have for professional background such colleges and universities as Columbia University, Cornell University, Pennsylvania State College, the University of Georgia, Emory University, the University of North Carolina, George Peabody College for Teachers, Vanderbilt University, Wesleyan College, Alabama College, Judson College, University of Missouri, with Ecole Normale of Blois especially applicable to Madame Berry, LeCordon-Bleu of Paris to Mrs. Johns, and Draughon's to Miss Jo Scott.

Among the fine arts faculty, Miss Butler is from the standpoint of seniority, by all odds dean. Adding to her native genius she has the most worthwhile of training—Chicago Art Institute, Cincinnati School of Design, work with Charles Hawthorne, William Chase, etc. Miss Battle's training in voice began with her imminent father, later study at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, with Luckstone of New York, and with Morotte of Milan. Mrs. Scott adds to academic, piano and violin training at Cox College and Bessie Tift, individual study with Adler, Pilzer, and Block of New York and at Bush Conservatory and with Czerwonky of Chicago. Miss Eckford, a product of New England Conservatory, adds piano study under Dumesnil and Schmitz of Paris. Mrs. Dobbs, whose career began under her mother, has studied with Haly of Boston, Rogers of Providence, Morgan of New York, and in the Hartford School of Fretted Instruments. Mrs. Barlow, a graduate of the Southwestern Conservatory in Dallas, has done intensive individual work on the piano with masters in this country and abroad, though she considers her greatest asset the fact that she is an authority on the Dunning system of music study. Miss Draper adds to an academic degree from Drury College, a graduate course at Curry School of Expression in Boston.

In the grades and in the kindergarten are Mrs. Stewart, Miss Alice Downing, Miss Emily Matthews, Mrs. Davis, and in the very newest corner of the kindergarten Miss Scott Meador, under the direction of Mrs. Stout. The University of Tennessee, Ohio State Normal, Emory University, and the University of Georgia, on a base of training at Washington Seminary for Miss Downing, Miss Mathews, and Miss Meador, constitute the professional background of the "down-stairs" teachers.

Miss Ligon, as director of athletics, and Mrs. Fisher, as librarian, are "upstairs, downstairs, and all-around." Ward Belmont, Peabody, Vanderbilt, Emory, and the University of Georgia are the institutions which one or both have attended.

Graduated by this faculty, under the direction of Mr. Scott, a representative alumnus of Randolph-Macon College for Men, and Miss "Emma," a product of the Seminary and of the Sorbonne, Seminary girls are by rights "high-minded."

—Helen Clark.

LLEWELLYN DAVIS SCOTT, *President*

(Randolph-Macon College)

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

MARCELINE MERITE BERRY, A.B.

French

MILDRED DAVIS

English

FLOYE POWELL DUMAS, A.B., M.A.

History, Bible

VIRGINIA SHROPSHIRE HEATH, A.B., ED.B., M.A.

English

LAVINIA HARVEY JOHNS

Domestic Science and Art, Chemistry

ESTELLE MARTIN, A.B.

Latin

BESSIE DOWNING OLSSEN

Mathematics

MAUD CALHOUN SCHAEFFER, A.B.

Mathematics

JOSEPHINE LOVELACE SCOTT, A.B., *Secretary*

Secretarial Course

ANNIE M. SHARPE, A.B.

English, Biology

NORA BELLE STARKE

History of Art

LOIS CHAMBERLIN STOUT, B.S. IN ED.

History

PAULINE M. FISHER, B. PH. IN ED.

Librarian

EMMA BYRON SCOTT—*Vice-President*

(Sorbonne University, Paris)

FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT

ABBY C. BUTLER

Drawing and Painting, Commercial Art

RUTH DRAPER, A.B.

Expression, English

MARGARET BAKER BATTLE

Voice

ELIZETTE REED BARLOW

Piano, Harmony, Composition, etc.

MARGUERITE COOPER SCOTT, B.M., B.A.

Violin, Piano, Harmony, Music History

JULIA OLIVER ECKFORD

Piano

MARY BUTT GRIFFITH DOBBS

Harp, Stringed Instruments

GRADES AND KINDERGARTEN

MAMIE L. DAVIS

First, Second, and Third Grades

ALICE SCOTT DOWNING

Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Grades

EMILY MATHEWS

French

SCOTT MEADOR

Kindergarten

MARIAN WINTER STEWART

Seventh and Eighth Grades

PHYSICAL TRAINING

MARY FORT LIGON, B.S.

Athletics

SENIOR SPONSOR

To Miss Ligon for her devotion and untiring interest in all the undertakings of the Class of 1934, we wish to express our loving appreciation.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

MARGUERITE RODDEY ..... *President*

FRANCES LATIMER ..... *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH L'ENGLE ..... *Treasurer*

NELL FREEMAN ..... *Secretary*

PATRICIA ALLEN

Buford, Georgia

Entered 1931

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association-Cheer Leader '31-'34; Class Basketball '32-'34, Class Volley Ball '33-'34, Junior Track Team '32-'33; Glee Club '31-'33, Vice-President '31-'32, President '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '31-'34; Vocational Club '31-'32; THE MISSEMMA Staff - Boarder's News '31-'32; FACTS AND FANCIES-Business Staff '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '31-'34; Senior Play; Class Poem; Representative Senior; Maid of Honor in May Court.

SARA RUTH DE ARECHAVALA

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basketball Team '31-'32, Squad '31-'32, Class Volley Ball Team '31-'32; "A" (Athletics) Club '32-'33; Mythology Club '32-'33, President; Art Club '33-'34, Vice-President; College Preparatory Club '32-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff—Art Editor; Class Will.

GENEVIEVE BAIRD

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; College Preparatory Club '33-'34; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34.

Sara Louise Baker

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Vocational Club '32-'33; Wonder Club '32-'33, Secretary and Treasurer; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34; Part in Demonstration Play before Georgia Association of Teachers of Speech, '34.

Miriam Murray Bopp

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; College Preparatory Club '32-'34; Masque and Wig Club '32-'34; Junior Dramatic Club, Sponsor '34; Facts and Fancies Staff, Literary Editor; Honorary Press Asosciation '33-'34; Senior Play; Part in Demonstration Play before Georgia Association of Teachers of Speech; Class Prophecy.

Dora Huguenin Bowden

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletc Association—Class Volley Ball Team '30-'34; Class Treasurer '30-'32; Class President '32-'33; Mythology Club '30-'33; French Club '30-'32; Masque and Wig Club '32-'34; College Preparatory Club '32-'34, President '33-'34; Facts and Fancies Staff, Editor-in-Chief; Honorary Press Association '31-'32; School Representatve in State Latin Contest '32-'33; Representative in Wesleyan Scholarship Essay Contest '33-'34; Representative Senior; Round Table.

JEAN HOLBROOK BRADLEY

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931—Re-entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32-'33-'34; College Preparatory Club '33-'34.

NANCY BRANYON

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Asociation; Glee Club '33-'34; First Place in Senior Short Story Contest; Honorary Press Association '33-'34.

ANNE LEE BROWN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '31-'33; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '31-'32.

HELEN LEE CLARK

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1933

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff—Assistant Editor; Award in *Home Beautiful* Book Contest.

ROBERTA SOUTHERLAND CREW

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Volley Ball '31-'34; French Club '30-'31; Glee Club '30-'31; Masque and Wig Club '32-'34; Honorary Press Association '31-'32; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, Assistant to Business Manager.

ANNE MCKENZIE DARGAN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1923

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Cheer Leader '31-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '32-'33; Class Vice-President '30-'33; Orchestra Club '30-'31, Secretary and Treasurer; French Club '30-'31; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Science Club '32-'33; Vocational Club '32-'33; "A" (Athletics) Club '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff—Class Editor; May Court.

Louise Duke

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Glee Club '30-'31; Nature Study Club '30-'31; Art Club '31-'32; Math Club '31-'32; Masque and Wig Club '32-'34; School Representative in Daughters of 1812 Essay '33.

Dorothy Elizabeth Emerson

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '30-'31, Treasurer '32-'33; College Preparatory Club '32-'34; French Club '30-'32; Glee Club '33-'34; Facts and Fancies Staff, Assistant to Business Manager.

Martha Lavonia Foster

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '32-'33; French Club '32-'33; College Preparatory Club '32-'34.

NELLE WALKER FREEMAN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Class Secretary '33-'34; Nature Study Club '30-'31; French Club '30-'31; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Wonder Club '32-'33, Vice-President; Vocational Club '32-'33; Art Club '33-'34.

LEONA MARY FULTZ

Miami, Florida

Entered 1933

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Dormitory Demons '33-'34; Art Club '33-'34.

CATHERINE DORSEY GRAY

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1922

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Cheer Leader '32-'34, Class Basket Ball Team '30-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '31-34; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Glee Club '31-'32; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Athletics Club '30-'31; Vocational Club '32-'33; Science Club '32-'33, Secretary; Art Club '33-'34.

ELOISE MARION GRESHAM

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '30-'31; Vocational Club '32-'33; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Nature Study Club '30-'31, Vice-President; Wonder Club '32-'33; Art Club '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff—Humor Editor.

CHARLOTTE ADELE HANCOCK

Marietta, Georgia

Entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '33-'34, Squad '33-'34; Art Club '33-'34; Dormitory Demons '33-'34.

SARA HOPKINS

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1923

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Volley Ball Team '31-'33, Sophomore Track Team '31-'32, Cheer Leader '31-'34; "A" (Athletics) Club '32-'34; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Nature Study Club '30-'31; French Club '30-'31; Glee Club '30-'33, Vice-President '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Vocational Club '32-'33; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, Assistant Business Manager; May Court; Class History.

RUTH HUNNICUTT

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball '30-'31, Class Volley Ball '30-'34; Glee Club '29-'32; Vocational Club '32-'33; Art Club '30-'34; Treasurer '30-'31.

ROSA WINKLER JOHNSTON

Macon, Georgia

Entered 1933

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Glee Club '33-'34; Dormitory Demons '33-'34, Secretary.

HELEN ELIZABETH KNIGHT

Tampa, Florida

Entered 1933

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Art Club '33-'34; Dormitory Demons '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, Co-Art Editor.

FRANCES WALLACE LATIMER

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1926

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Cheer Leader '31-'32, Class Basket Ball Team '30-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '30-'34, Squad '31-'34, Varsity '32-'34; Vice-President of Class '33-'34; Nature Study Club '30-'31; Orchestra Club '30-'31; "A" (Athletics) Club '31-'34; THE MISSEMMA Staff '32-'33, Assistant Humor Editor; Representative Senior; May Queen.

ELIZABETH JACKSON LEE

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Volley Ball Team '32-'33; Wonder Club '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34; THE MISSEMMA Staff, Assistant Exchange Editor '32-'33, Literary Editor '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '33-'34; Third Place in Senior Short Story Contest.

ELIZABETH TYREE L'ENGLE

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Class Treasurer '33-'34; Cercle Francais '30-'32; Nature Study Club '30-'31; Art Club '31-'32; Science Club '32-'33, President; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34; Senior Play; Award in *Home Beautiful* Book Contest.

HELEN DARGAN LOWNDES

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1922

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '30-'32, Class Volley Ball Team '30-'33, Basket Ball Squad '30-'31; "A" (Athletics) Club '30-'34; Glee Club '30-'31; Mythology Club '31-'32; Vocational Club '32-'33; Wonder Cub '32-'33; THE MISSEMMA Staff, Assistant Athletics Editor '31-'32, Athletics Editor '32-'33, Business Manager '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '31-'34; May Court; Representative Senior; Round Table.

ELIZABETH CALHOUN MARTIN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928-1930—Re-entered 1933

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '29-'30; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34.

ALICE JEAN MILLER

Brewton, Alabama

Entered 1931

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; College Preparatory Club '31-'33; Wonder Club '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '30-'31; Art Club '33-'34; Dormitory Demons '31-'34, Treasurer '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, News Editor; Award in *Home Beautiful* Book Contest.

VIRGINIA RUTH MURRAY

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association — Track Team '29-'33, Manager of Class Volley Ball and of Class Basket Ball '30-'34 and Captain '32-'34, Tennis Team '32-'33, Squad '30-'34, Varsity '32-'34; "A" (Athletics) Club '30-'33, Vice-President '32-'33; Glee Club '29-'30; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Vocational Club '32-'33; Wonder Club '32-'33, Chairman; Masque and Wig Club '33-'34, Secretary; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, Athletics Editor; Representative Senior.

HARRIET KATHERINE MOORE

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Tennis Tournament '32-'33; Glee Club '32-'33; Art Club '33-'34.

CLARE ELIZABETH NEUHOFF

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1933

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Art Club '33-'34; Class Prophecy.

MARGUERITE WARD RODDEY

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Secretary '30-'31, Vice-President '31-'32, President '32-'34; Varsity '30-'34, Captain '32-'34; Tennis Team '32-'33; Class Basket Ball Team '30-'34, Captain '30-'33; Class Volley Ball Team '30-'34; Class Track Team '30-'33, Manager '30-'31; Class President '30-'32 and '33-'34; French Club '30-'32, Vice-President '31-'32; "A" (Athletics) Club '30-'34, Vice-President '31-'32, President '32-'34; College Prep Club '32-'34; Wonder Club '32-'33; Honorary Press Association '31-'32; "Spirit of the Seminary" '32-'34; Representative Senior; Round Table.

BEVERLY ROGERS

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1923

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '32-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '32-'34, Squad '32-'33; "A" (Athletics) Club '31-'34; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Vocational Club '32-'33, Vice-President; Glee Club '32-'33; THE MISSEMMA Staff, Assistant Business Manager '33-'34; May Court.

JOAN ADAIR ROOT

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1926

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross, Class Representative '31-'32; Athletic Association; Class Editor '30-'31; Class Treasurer '32-'33; Nature Study Club '30-'31; French Club '30-'31; Glee Club '31-'32; Writers' Club '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '32-'34; College Preparatory Club '32-'34; Honorary Press Association '31-'32; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff '33-'34, Business Manager; Second Place in Senior Short Story Contest; Part in Demonstration Play before Georgia Association of Teachers of Speech '34; Senior Play; Round Table.

ELIZABETH SCOTT

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Science Club '32-'33; Art Club '33-'34; College Preparatory Club '32-'33.

MARIE LOUISE SCOTT

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; College Preparatory Club '33-'34; Glee Club '33-'34, Secretary.

DOROTHY MAY SHIVERS

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1926

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Glee Club '30-'31; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Vocational Club '32-'33, Secretary; Wonder Club '32-'33; "A" (Athletics) Club '33-'34; FACTS AND FANCIES Staff, Club Editor.

CHRISTINE EMILIE THIESEN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1928

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross—Class Representative '30-'34, School Representative '33-'34; Athletic Association—Class Volley Ball Team '30-'32; "A" (Athletics) Club '31-'34; Glee Club '30-'31 and '32-'33; THE MISSEMMA Staff, Red Cross Editor '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '33-'34; Award in *Home Beautiful* Book Contest.

EMILY VIRGINIA TIMMERMAN

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '30-'34, Manager of Inter-Class Basket Ball Teams '33-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '30-'34, Class Track Team '29-'32 and '33-'34, Squad '30-'31, Varsity '31-'34, Manager of Varsity '33-'34; "A" (Athletics) Club '31-'32; Glee Club '31-'32; Mythology Club '31-'32; Writers' Club '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club, President '33-'34; THE MISSEMMA Staff—Reporter '32-'33, Feature Editor '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '32-'34; Representative Senior; May Court.

VIRGINIA RIORDAN TOOMBS

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '32-'33; Glee Club '33-'34.

Elizabeth Ann Treseder

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '30-'32, Squad '30-'33, Class Volley Ball Team '30-'33, Secretary '32-'33; "A" (Athletics) Club '30-'34; Orchestra Club '30-'31; Glee Club '30-'33; Masque and Wig Club '30-'33; College Preparatory Club '32-'33; The Missemma Staff, Editor-in-Chief '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '30-'34; May Court; Representative Senior; Round Table.

Anne Rodgers Walker

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Mythology Club '31-'33; Math Club '31-'32; Wonder Club '32-'33; Glee Club '33-'34; College Preparatory Club '32-'34, Vice-President '32-'33.

Annie Lou Whitaker

Tuskegee, Alabama

Entered 1933

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Glee Club '33-'34; College Preparatory Club '33-'34.

MARION CLARA WILKINSON

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1932

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Volley Ball Team '32-'33; Glee Club '32-'33; Art Club '33-'34.

EMOGENE WITHERSPOON

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1929

GENERAL COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; Nature Study Club '30-'31; Mythology Club '32-'33; Glee Club '30-'34; College Preparatory Club '32-'34.

MARY FRANCES YATES

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1930

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association—Class Basket Ball Team '31-'34, Class Volley Ball Team '31-'34, Class Track Team '31-'32, Squad '33-'34, Tennis Team '33-'34, Winner Tennis Tournament '32 and '33, Manager Tennis Team '33-'34; "A" (Athletics) Club '32-'34; Nature Study Club '30-'31; Glee Club '30-'31; Mythology Club '32-'33; College Preparatory Club '33-'34, Treasurer; THE MISSEMMA Staff '32-'34, Assistant News Editor '32-'33, News Editor '33-'34; Honorary Press Association '32-'34; Representative Senior.

FRANCES FANT YOUNG

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1931

COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE

Red Cross; Athletic Association; College Preparatory Club '32-'34, Secretary '32-'33; Art Club '31-'32; Penates Club '32-'33; Masque and Wig Club '31-'32; Glee Club '32-'34, President '33-'34; THE MISSEMMA Staff '33-'34, Exchange Editor and Managing Editor; Honorary Press Association '33-'34; Class History.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

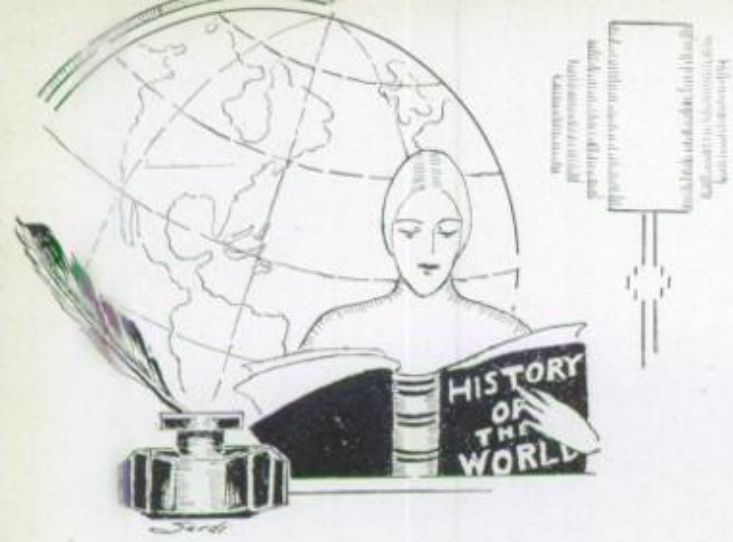
It is with pleasure tinged with sadness that, as representative of the class of 1934, I welcome you here tonight, members of the faculty of Washington Seminary, parents, undergraduates—all friends. We are grateful to you, our teachers, for the patience with which you have he'ped us over difficulties, and for the interest that you have taken in us as individuals and as a class. We know that we can best show our appreciation of you by living in the future in a manner that will typify the high standards which you have set before us. Mothers and fathers of the Class of 1934 here tonight, I bid you a very warm and cordial welcome. You, we would thank for the love and sympathy, the protection and encouragement you have given us throughout the years. To you, undergraduates, we would express appreciation for the many happy times we have spent together in the hope that in the future we may have occasion to reunite. May the coming years, when you are Seniors, be as happy and worthwhile as ours have been. May you have cooperation such as you have given us that will make possible the successful accomplishment of your varied undertakings. To all of you, our friends, we want to express gratitude for your interest and helpful comradeship.

The time has almost come for the Class of 1934 to say goodbye forever to Washington Seminary and to the happy, the gay and the serious times that we have spent here together. Our parting makes us sad but the regret is lessened by the remembered joys of the past and the dreams for the future.

Classmates, you have chosen me to act as your representative on this the night which marks the end of our undertakings here at the Seminary. I am proud to be a graduate of Washington Seminary, but I am prouder still to be a member of the best class that has ever graduated from Washington Seminary—the Class of 1934. It may be said that with this hour life begins for us of 1934. We are going into the world and we as individuals must choose a course of action. May we all choose wisely in order that we may know success and happiness in a truly great sense.

In parting with you, beloved teachers and classmates, allow me to thank you sincerely for every kindness you have shown me personally. Permit me further to thank you, my classmates, for the honor you have bestowed upon me by making me your presiding officer. I pledge to the Seminary my sincere loyalty, to my teachers my genuine admiration, and to you, my classmates, my fondest love. May the lives before you be as happy as these we have spent together at dear Washington Seminary!

MARGUERITE RODDEY.



CLASS HISTORY

Before the day on which we reach the happy, yet sad ending of our school years, is it not plausible that we look back on the days that have so swiftly passed by—those days in which we can no longer live? We must look forward, for in looking back our faces light with smiles, or our eyes sting with tears according to the memory fleeting through our minds. Our goal is forward, but there can be no future without a past, so let us travel hand in hand back through the years of grammar grades and high school.

I shall never forget the first day of my true school life. I set out to school, lunch basket in hand, to find several of my friends already gathered in the class room of our beloved Mrs. Davis, awaiting their first school bell. We were all a bit frightened, but very much elated over the fact that we were at last old enough to attend the best school in the world—Washington Seminary. The five small girls who began their school life together were none other than the dignified Beverly Rogers, Helen Lowndes, Anne Dargan, Catherine Gray, and Sara Hopkins.

Gradually we progressed. We played and laughed our way through the second and third grades, finally arriving at the fourth grade. Surprisingly there was no fourth grade for us. We were all so learned that we skipped the fourth grade, landing, as much to our surprise as to that of anyone else, in the fifth grade.

In the fifth grade Miss Alice Downing became our guiding influence—and how glad we were to have her as our sponsor. That year Catherine Gray left us. Our sadness was appeased, however, by the arrival of Dorothy Shivers, Frances Latimer, and Joan Root. These three girls rapidly proved themselves assets by suggesting a football team. We all liked the idea and thereafter the field back of the gymnasium rang with cries of "Touchdown!" every recess.

In the sixth grade there were no new arrivals, but we did discover a new pastime. That year we read "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," and from that day on we spent every spare minute designing some new flying machine of our own. This venture proved disastrous to various parts of our anatomy.

In the seventh grade we welcomed into our midst many who now grace this platform. They were Dora Bowden, Roberta Crew, Dorothy Emerson, Nelle Freeman, Eloise Gresham, Elizabeth L'Engle, Betty Martin, Virginia Murray, Christine Thiesen, Marguerite Roddey, and Catherine Gray, who returned to us that year.

The next year we were promoted to Mrs. Olssen's room and found ourselves members of the next best class to high school proper—the eighth grade. That year our class swelled to twenty-two by the addition of Louise Duke, Ruth Hunnicutt, Emogene Witherspoon, Emily Timmerman, and at the half-year, Elizabeth Treseder. All of these girls immediately fell in step with us and proved themselves worthy of our class.

Freshmen at last! There are several things that stand out in my mind when that word is mentioned. Some of them are: the addition of Mary Frances Yates to our merry group; the learning of our favorite hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer"; our prowess in volley ball, finishing second in the inter-class tournament; Marguerite Roddey's making the varsity her first year in high school; going over 100 per cent first in the MISSEMMA drive and in the FACTS AND FANCIES drive; our motto, "Do in a day the things of a day"; and, at the end of the year the tears we shed when we knew we had to leave Freshman Hall behind us and that Miss Sharpe could no longer be our sponsor.

All through these years we laughed, cried, sang, and sorrowed. We had many good days and some bad ones, but I am sure that deep in our hearts we all hold dear those first steps on the path of life. I have done my best to give you a mental picture of perhaps the happiest days of our lives, and now Frances Young will give you her interpretation of the last three years at Washington Seminary of the Class of 1933-1934.

SARA HOPKINS.

September 10, 1931, found our class as Sophomores entering the Big Study Hall which was going to be our home for three years. The first year a dance was given to welcome the new girls—in our class, Pat Allen, Sara de Arechavala, Anne Brown, Martha Foster, Jean Miller, Virginia Toombs, Anne Walker, and Frances Young. The next year there came to augment our Junior dignity Saralouise Baker, Miriam Bopp, Jean Bradley, Betty Lee, Harriett Moore, Elizabeth Scott, and Marion Wilkinson. Last September, as '34 entered upon its career of seniority, Genevieve Baird, Nancy Branyon, Helen Lee Clark, Mary Fultz, Adele Hancock, Rosa Johnston, Helen Knight, Clare Neuhoff, Marie Scott, and Annie Lou Whitaker came to share in our undertakings. At the end of the sophomore year, we were saddened by the death of Edna May Burns.

As Freshmen we had begun our record of winning honors and in senior high school, we made our reputation superlative. We went over 100 per cent strong all three years in the various Red Cross membership drives, class dues, and Annual drives. Each year we have filled a number of Red Cross Christmas boxes for children overseas, and each year we have entered whole-heartedly in the two great all-school benefits—Needlework Guild contributions and the Christmas tree for children brought by the Salvation Army.

But it is in athletics that, as a class, we have won especial distinction. In all volley ball and basket ball inter-class tournaments since we were Sophomores, we have placed. In field day we have excelled in track and in tennis. Mary Frances Yates, of our number, has been for three years the tennis champion, and we boast four Seniors on the undefeated varsity of this year—Marguerite Roddey, captain for two years, Virginia Murray, Frances Latimer, and Emily Timmerman. As a result of all these achievements, the class of '34 has been foremost in the "Charlie" contest.

To carry on all of our activities, different methods of making money pleasantly have been devised. In our Sophomore year we gave an Easter Egg hunt. In our Junior year we gave two parties, one at Hallowe'en and later a circus. Anyone who went to the circus can still laugh at the numerous freaks and animals that we impersonated; but the greatest entertainment was furnished by the ballet dancer, none other than Marguerite Roddey. This year we gave a Christmas party with a real sure-enough Santa Claus, and during the Spring we took over the Saturday night dances at the Biltmore, utilizing the proceeds to support our friend, Mary Elizabeth Thomas, at Young Harris.

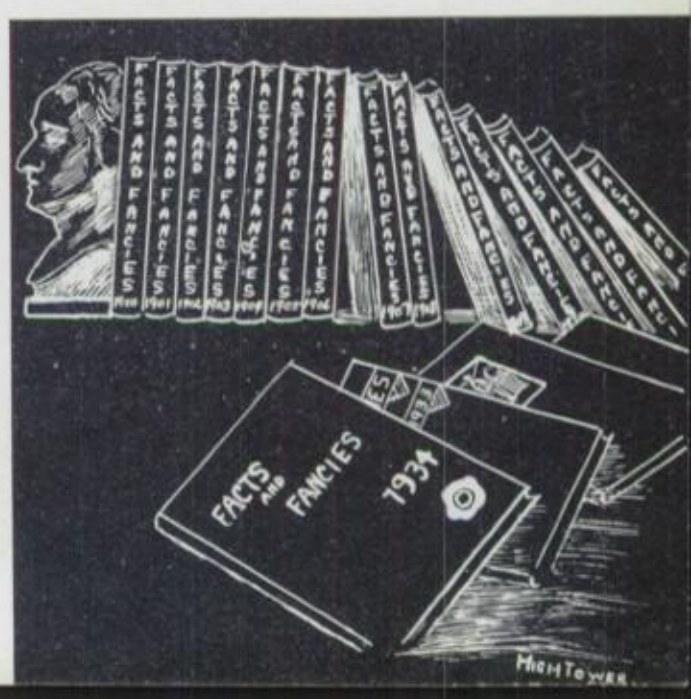
Each year has brought distinctive speakers to Big Study Hall. Among the outstanding, some we shall always remember, are: Dr. Grover, of Rollins; Dr. Beard, of the history department of Goucher and the Goucher president, Dr. Robertson; Mrs. Whitman, president of the Mount Holyoke Alumnae; Dr. Anderson, of Wesleyan; Miss Thompson, Dean of Vassar; and Mrs. Ford, Trustee of Smith. Significant readers and lecturers during senior high school were the great Shakespearean interpreter, the late Mr. Southwick, and Mr. Thompson, both of Boston schools of expression. During the present year Mrs. Samuel Scott, of New York, in a lecture on "Current Broadway Plays," proved a real thrill.

Among school events away from school in which we shared during our Sophomore year was the Washington Bicentennial Celebration held in Yorktown, Va. Last year as Juniors some of us went to the inauguration of President Roosevelt, and this year the entire school enjoyed an all-day trip to the Tate Marble Quarries. In the N.R.A. parade last fall the entire school took part—class officers in the parade and the rest on the side lines.

Meanwhile, we have WORKED! The first ordeal came with the perennial Grammar Test. Some managed to escape the extra grammar class designed for the "unfitted" while others were given an opportunity to "qualify." The first really big bugga-bear was Chapel Speeches. But after surviving the tribulations of quaking voices and knocking knees, we declared to the Juniors that it was as nothing. The short story writing contest was the next absorbing worry (samples of these are to be found in this annual)—not bad, we think, for all that our critics are inclined to quote Chaucer about us on account of our achievements in athletics—"Ful big he was of brawn and eek of bones"!

—Frances Young.

(*Continued on page* 120)



PROPHECY

(*Clare on the Air*)

This is Station G-O-S-S-I-P broadcasting from the Seminary Study Hall, Atlanta, Georgia. Our next program of the May 1945 series will be news items concerning the Class of 1934.

New York City—Miss Nancy Branyon, famous novelist, left for South America today, where she wi'l spend several years familiarizing herself with the manners and customs of the natives. Miss Branyon will use the material she collects in her next novel.

Tampa, Florida—Miss Helen Knight, famous artist, will exhibit her paintings at the High Museum of Art. Miss Knight's collection consists of a number of interesting landscapes of Florida.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Virginia Toombs has published her new book, *How to Conquer Contract*. As everyone knows, Miss Toombs is "the" authority on contract.

Hollywood, California—Miss Sarah de Arechavala, famous dress designer for "Hollywood stars," will arrive in Atlanta tomorrow where she will spend a short vacation.

Chicago, Illinois—Miss Louise Duke is utilizing her talents in grand opera as an "uproar" singer.

Washington, D. C.—Miss Martha Foster and Miss Dorothy Emerson, noted interior decorators, have been chosen to re-decorate the White House.

New York City—Miss Mary Fultz, distinguished American sculptress, has just returned from a trip around the world, modeling primitive types for anthropological exhibits in the Hall of Man at the Chicago Field Museum.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Nell Freeman is on trial for hoarding gold. She is said to have the largest private collection of fraternity pins in the world.

Detroit, Michigan—Miss Beverly Rogers has a position designing bigger and better automobiles. Miss Rogers has had a great deal of experience with large cars, especially sixteen cylinder Cadillacs; so she should prosper in this undertaking.

Washington, D. C.—Miss Dora Bowden has distinguished herself by being the second woman in the United States to hold a cabinet office. Miss Bowden is Secretary of Labor and has proved herself quite capable of holding such an office.

Houston, Texas—Miss Jean Bradley, famous newspaper critic, has just published a new book entitled *The Art of Speech*.

Hollywood, California—Another star rises over night! She is Miss Catherine Gray, formerly of Atlanta, Georgia. Miss Gray is successor to Connie Boswell.

New York City—Miss Helen Lowndes, widely known for her perfect golf game, has determined to give up golf for a very responsible position with a large air line acting as hostess for transcontinental football teams.

Chicago, Illinois—Miss Ann Dargan and Miss Sara Hopkins, famous opera singers, are making their debut tonight at the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Dargan and Miss Hopkins received splendid training as cheer leaders for Washington Seminary.

New York City—We are happy to announce the wedding of Miss Saralouise Baker to a young West Pointer. The bride and groom will sail for Manila immediately.

Washington, D. C.—Miss Patricia Allen has at last convinced Uncle Sam that it is necessary to have a special mail route for her personal correspondence.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Frances Latimer has been greatly rushed trying to fulfill her engagements for leading all the Pan-Hellenic balls at universities all over the world.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Margeruite Roddey, prompted by her early devotion to wandering around ten-cent stores, has established one of her own.

—Clare Neuhoff.

(*Continued on page* 123)

PROPHECY

(Excerpts from Mimi's Diary)

May 17, 1945—It has been a gala day in San Francisco today. The celebration somehow reminded me of the thrills and excitement of graduation day at the Seminary. There have been many years of hard plugging since then.

Speaking of the Seminary, I have just heard something very interesting. Chris Thiesen, who came in town yesterday to see about the publication of her latest book entitled *Don't Trump Your Partner's Ace*, told me that Clare Neuhoff is conducting a series of broadcasts from the Seminary Study Hall, the object being to keep up with the activities of the alumnae. Tomorrow night is to be devoted exclusively to the class of 1934. Will I listen in? Try to stop me! Chris is coming over, so we will be able to enjoy it together.

May 18, 1945—My greed for gossip about my former classmates has at last been satiated. Chris and I sat at my little radio straining our ears in order not to lose a word. In fact, I even went so far as to take down the broadcast verbatum. That's where shorthand comes in handy. While I was studying it I often wondered where I should ever use it. It doesn't help one learn lines or manage the correct twist of a little finger at the psychological moment for the audience to be impressed by it.

After Clare had finished we took out the year book and checked up on all the girls she had not mentioned. Our stock of knowledge was surprising. When we were through we had accounted for every member of our illustrious class.

The plum of the scandal comes first. Chris said that Ruth Hunnicut had taken another plunge. She went to college and is still there! Eloise Gresham started with her, but gave up in a year and is now spending her time in New Orleans finding alibis for her decision to quit college.

"Whatever became of Bobbie Crew?" Chris asked as we came upon her picture.

"Why, havent you heard? She's quite a dashing young widow now, running a chain of candy stores, besides keeping up with all her social engagements," I replied.

But Chris's next revelation was what capped the climax. Mary Frances Yates has become one of the most famous "Stooges" in the show business—under an assumed name. Right there I nearly fainted away quietly but was revived with my trusty smelling salts. And so we continued. Libby Treseder is editor of a well known literary magazine and a regular contributor to several periodicals. Her latest novel has been highly praised by the critics. Betty Lee is arguing every politician in the country out of his next birthday. Virginia Murray is quite the woman athlete of the day. At the Olympics she walked off with every conceivable honor. Frances Young runs a reducing salon in Atlanta, and is making a success at that! (I have enough troubles keeping my own girth down to a perfect thirty-six without helping other unfortunates to do the same thing.)

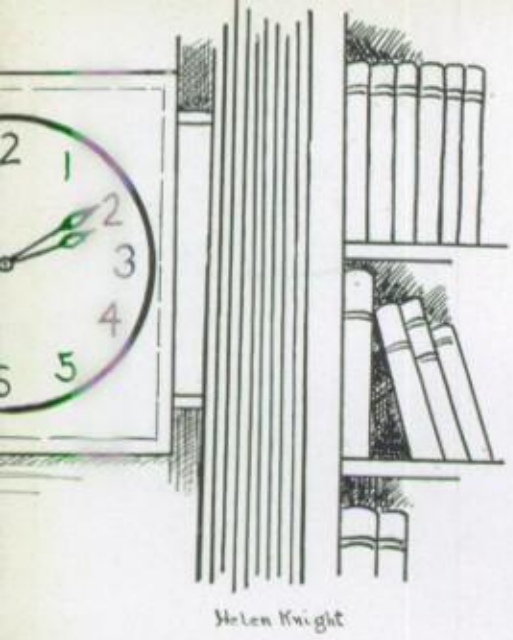
I showed Chris the letter I had had from Joan Root some time ago. As far as I can make out, she is still letting every susceptible male fall in love with her and then sending him about his business with a fractured heart. She spends her summers in Richmond and her week-ends in Newnan. Joan said Gene Witherspoon and Genevieve Baird occupy the chairs of spelling and penmanship, respectively, in an up-to-date college of commerce.

The famous team of Moore and Wilkinson have opened a very artistic beauty salon on Fifth Avenue in New York. It never occurred to me that they would take make-up so seriously. Dot Shivers has opened a private detective agency at last.

Adele Hancock has recently been selected as the most intellectual woman in the state of Georgia. She flings herself wildly into every research project. Anne Walker majored in Latin in college and is now teaching at Agnes Scott. Emily Timmerman

—Miriam Bopp.

(Continued on page 123)



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Washington Seminary,
City of Atlanta,
County of Fulton,
State of Georgia.

We, the Class of 1934, being of sound body and mind, although the soundness of mind is still a question for debate, wish to make legal disposition of our various and sundry tangible and intangible possessions. We earnestly hope that the said legatees will find said bequests as useful as we have found them.

After much careful thought and consideration given to this last will and testament, we have made the following bequests, to wit:

I. To the Seminary, our Alma Mater, we leave undying love and affection. We add thereto an expression of appreciation for all the Seminary has done to help form our characters.

II. To Miss Emma, Mr. Scott, and the Faculty, we declare our thanks for their broadminded understanding and their unwavering support of every project we have ever undertaken. We do hereby wish to go on record as expressing sincere regret for any seeming lack of appreciation during the years of stress and strain when we were evolving into what we are today.

III. To all undergraduates we would express our heartfelt thanks for their support in all our undertakings.

IV. To the Class of 1935, our successors to whom we are about to relinquish our boasted seniority, we, the Class of 1934, would leave some of the indomitable spirit which has enabled us to reach this semi-advanced stage of our education, having surmounted the difficulties of chapel speeches and having survived the shattered illusion that this done all senior worries were at an end.

As to individual bequests made by the members of the Class of 1934 to the Class of 1935, there has been much controversy. No one seemed quite sure with what she wanted to part, due to the fact that it is impossible to know what will be needed in the future.

The following bequests are, however, final and definite, said members of the Class of 1935 to have and to hold said bequests for all time, if so desired.

Item: I, Saralouise Baker, leave to flighty Bebe Young my methodical, deliberate mannerisms.

Item: I, Betty Lee, leave my undoubted sincerity to Helen Roberts.

Item: I, Sara Hopkins, bequeath to Beverly Bailey my custom of riding nonchalantly by the S.A.E. House, on the assumption that said Beverly has not already acquired said habit.

Item: I, Pat Allen, leave to Rachel Burton my ability to become the recipient of any and all fraternity pins that my little heart may desire, having found said pastime both pleasant and amusing.

Item: I, Libby Treseder, bequeath to Margaret Preacher my famous ability to Hi-De-Ho without restraint, should she ever crave to be the center of attraction like unto me.

Item: I, Beverly Rogers, would leave to Bobbie Hightower my inexhaustible store of jokes.

Item: I, Helen Lowndes, leave to the 1935 Business Manager of THE MISSEMMA the permission to leave school at any and all hours.

Item: I, Louise Duke, leave my ability to "A.K." to Florence Keen and trust she will find the art as beneficial as I have found it.

Item: I, Mimi Bopp, leave to Mary Elizabeth Barge my ability to portray elderly ladies in stage productions, hoping in all sincerity that she may enjoy it more than I.

Item: I, Margeruite Roddey, bequeath to Helen Bell my unequalled executive ability.

Item: Knowing Emily Evins' love of athletics, I, Virginia Murray, give and bequeath to her my uncanny accuracy in basketball.

Item: To Jane Brooks goes my, Emily Timmerman's, corner on tardiness.

Item: I, Anne Walker, do bequeath to Charlotte Sage my knack of making snappy remarks in class.

Item: I, Fanny Latimer, leave my constancy in affaires de coeur to Antoinette Hightower:

Item: I, Anne Dargan, bequeath to Frances Butters my conscientious manner, quite

useful when trying to convince a teacher that I am right.

Item: I, Jean Bradley, leave to Dorothy Sanford my amused outlook on Life.

Item: I, Clare Neuhoff, possessing the noble attribute of rarely being heard, leave to Tibbie Pringle this unparallelled virtue, hoping that she may thereby avert suspicion of the Faculty.

Item: I, Frances Young, leave to Anne Cox my operatic soprano.

Item: I, Catherine Gray, leave to Lucia Ewing and Margaret Rankin my ability to use successfully baby talk.

Item: We, the Scott Sisters, Biber and Deezie, relinquish to the Zuber Twins our place as the most popular sisters in Study Hall.

Item: I, Rosa Johnston, leave to Marjorie Hames my place as Study Hall musician, hoping that she will not be hounded continually, like unto me.

Item: Gladly will I, Christine Thiesen, give to Rosemary Hawk my unpleasant job of trying to extract tinfoil from the Study Hall.

Item: I, Nancy Branyon, leave to Lib Holcomb my knack of using actual occurrances to make prize winning short stories, hoping she will not have to use the tale of a mouse for her subject.

Item: My, Joan Root's, stellar theatrical performances go to Gladys Irene Cook.

Item: I, Virginia Toombs, bequeath to Nina Fuller my love of reading Chaucer.

Item: I, Mary Frances Yates, want Helen Aycock to share my love of tennis, so I do hereby give her some of my pep, vim, and vigor.

Item: I, Dorothy Emerson, hope Mary Helmer will follow my example and never, on any condition, allow any one to copy an outline from her English notebook.

Item: I, Helen Knight, bequeath to Edwina Johnston my voluminous correspondence.

Item: I, Hattie Moore, would like to give some advice to Julia Hoyt, should she happen to take Biology next year, and that is that she at all times should have her notebook complete.

Item: I, Eloise Gresham, know how to make up notebooks, but I trust Anne Irby will not follow my example in this respect.

Item: I, Annie Lou Whitaker, leave to Harriet Milam my love of mathematics.

Item: I, Bettie Martin, do hereby bequeath to Martha Burnett my rare sense of humor.

Item: I, Bess L'Engle, leave to Lucille Willis my position as class favorite of Mrs. Johns.

Item: We, Dot Shivers and Bobbie Crew, wish to leave to Elizabeth Coursey and Laura Hill our perpetual good humor.

Item: I, Helen Clark, relinquish my versatility to Dorothy Hood.

Item: I, Mary Fultz, leave to Grace Archer my really neat Home Book.

Item: To Elinor Wilkinson goes my, Nelle Freeman's, gracious smile.

Item: I, Martha Foster, leave to Anne Littlepage my obliging manner.

Item: I, Dora Bowden, do bequeath to Isabel Boykin my remarkable intellect, knowing that she has had some trouble with her French.

Item: I, Adele Hancock, leave to Ida Akers my ambition to win just one point in an argument with Mrs. Heath.

Item: I, Jean Miller, leave to Jean McKay my willingness to support all ventures for procuring funds.

Item: I, Genevieve Baird, having found college algebra easy, leave to Suckey Terhune, my sixth sense, which tells me how to keep the terms well in hand.

Item: I, Marion Wilkinson, always being in a hurry, bequeath this trait to Anne Gray.

Item: I, Emogene Witherspoon, leave my love of the Latin language to Ruth Shannon, having heard that the said Ruth has a fondness for it already.

We hold an inexpressible devotion to our Alma Mater and it is with sad hearts that we, the Class of 1934, say goodbye to the Seminary.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hand and affixed our seal to this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, on this, the twenty-second day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-four.

SARA DE ARECHAVALA,
Class Testatrix.

WITNESSES:
N.R.A.
C.W.A.
P.W.A.

CHALLENGE TO 1934

Seniors, dear Seniors, like fragile moths

Unfolding star bedecked wings,

From your sheltering chrysalis, gay you emerge

Into the warmth of the world.

You are lovely,

Joyous,

Unafraid—

You are proud,

Alike, yet strangely distinct,

Bewilderingly individual, Seniors dear.

You are fluttering now in rainbow array;

Seemingly aimless you drift.

But each with a purpose will veer towards the sun—

To die?

To live!

Where knowledge is larger,

Where life is complete!

—PATRICIA ALLEN.

PRESENTATIONS

OF

FACTS AND FANCIES

Class night is the climax of the Senior year. At this time all the events and activities are brought to an end. The outstanding events of the year are recorded in this volume of FACTS AND FANCIES, an all-class project, though produced by a staff of senior representatives under the direction of their faculty adviser.

Were we to present issues to everyone who has had a part in making our book a success, the entire edition would be given to friends, outside of school as well as inside. However, as this cannot be done, we would like to present copies to a few particular friends in appreciation of their help:

To Miss Butler, an artist acclaimed by fellow artists, one who has given, self-effacingly, of her best over a period of more than twenty-five years to students of Washington Seminary, and one whose unchallenged ability is evidenced through the work of her students.

To Mr. and Mrs. Burns, parents of a loved member of our class, whose untimely death brought sorrow to our group at the end of the Sophomore year.

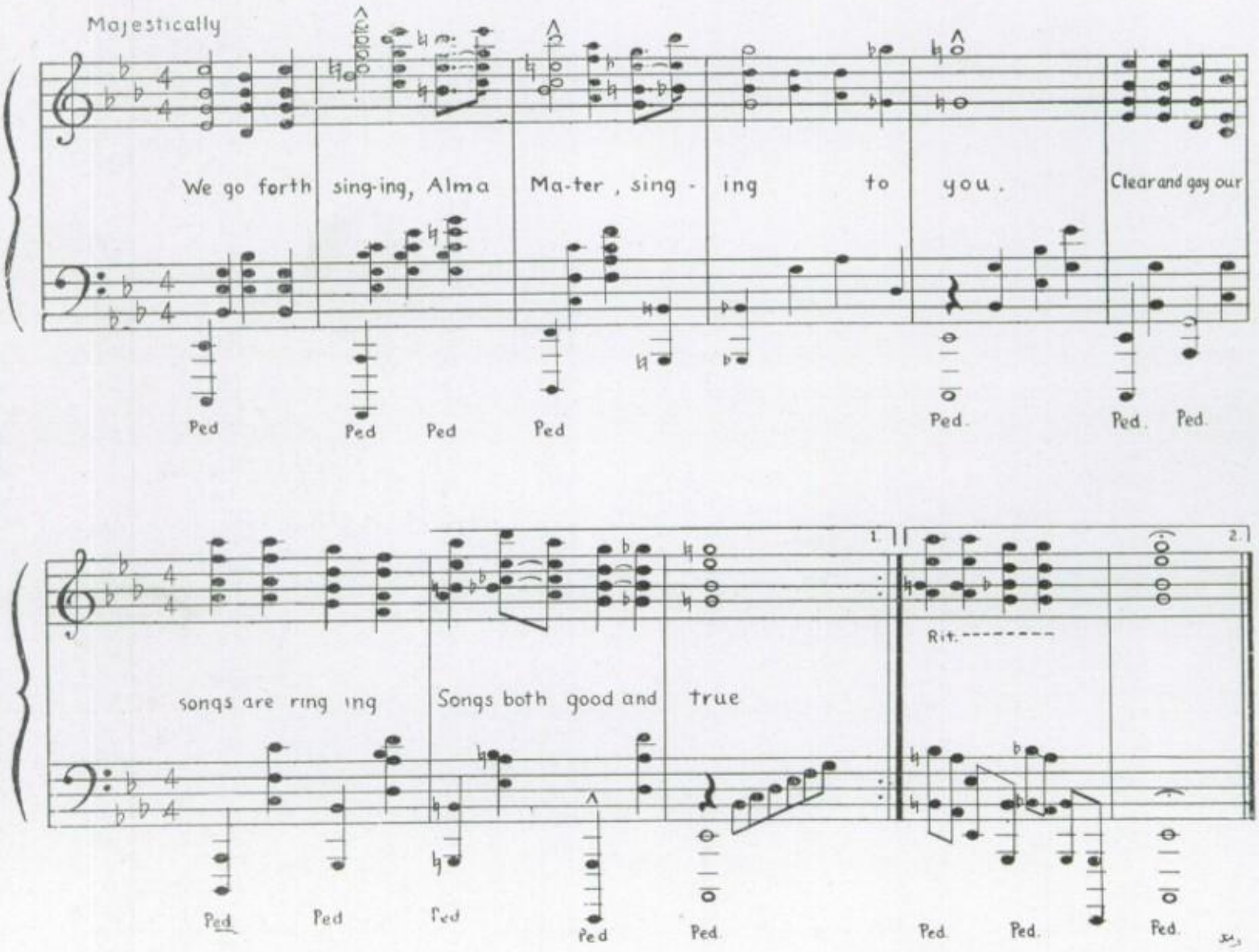
To Mr. Scott and "Miss Emma," friends and helpers of all students and enthusiastic supporters of all school ventures.

To Miss Ligon, Senior class sponsor, who, for three years, has been our loyal friend, supporting all class undertakings.

To Mrs. Heath, faculty adviser for FACTS AND FANCIES, whose labors of love to make this book a success, are attested to in the finished volume.

—DORA BOWDEN.

ALMA MATER

Words by FRANCES AUSTIN, '33 *Music by* CLARE HAVERTY, '33

We go forth, praising,

Alma Mater, best on earth,

All of us, our voices raising,

Telling of your worth.

We go forth living,

Alma Mater from your treasure trove

We your daughters go forth giving

Hope and joy and love.

JUNIORS

MRS DUMAS ..... *Sponsor*

HELEN BELL ..... *President*

MARGARET PREACHER ..... *Vice-President*

ANNETTE HIGHTOWER ..... *Treasurer*

BEVERLY BAILEY ..... *Secretary*

IDA AKERS

GRACE ARCHER

ALICE ARMSTRONG

HELEN AYCOCK

LUCILLE BALDWIN

MARY ELIZABETH BARGE

MARY LOUISE BLANCHARD

ISABEL BOYKIN

JANE BROOKS

MARTHA BURNETTE

RACHEL BURTON

FRANCES BUTTERS

JUNIORS

Elizabeth Clay

Doris Coleman

Gladys Cook

Elizabeth Coursey

Ann Cox

Emily Evins

Lucia Ewing

Nina Fuller

Martha Gordy

Ann Gray

Marjorie Hames

Rosemary Hawk

Mary Helmer

Bobbie Hightower

Laura Hill

Elizabeth Holcomb

Dorothy Hood

Julia Hoyt

Claire Hunnicutt

Edwina Johnston

Florence Keen

JUNIORS

Ann Littlepage

Jean McKay

Harriette Milam

Frances Neal

Polly Penuel

Betty Power

Sibylla Pringle

Margaret Rankin

Helen Roberts

Charlotte Sage

Dorothy Sanford

Ruth Shannon

Anne Shelton

Laura Stauverman

Elise Terhune

Elinor Wilkinson

Ann Williams

Lucille Willis

Marie Young

Babs Zuber

Betty Zuber

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

Lizbeth Barnhill
Anne Irby
Berrenice Shelnutt
Lillian Willett

SOPHOMORES

MRS. FISHER ..... *Sponsor*

ANNE BRUMBY ..... *President*

ETHEL ERWIN ..... *Vice-President*

EDITH ANDERSON

ANNE ATKINS

FRANKIE BURNS

LOUISE CONNELL

EDWANA EBY

CONSTANCE FABEL

MEDORA FITTEN

JANE FRANKLIN

JEANETTE GILHAM

FRANCES HOYT

PEGGY HUGHES

SARA JENKINS

SOPHOMORES

MARY HARRISON ..... *Treasurer*

BARBARA GREENE ..... *Secretary*

ALMA KNIGHT

RUTH MCCURRY

VIRGINIA MERRYMAN

MARY MORRIS

IRIS PERRY

MIRIAM POPE

TOMMIE QUIN

CUNDELL SMITH

MARION WALKER

FRANCES WILKINSON

MARY MARGARET WINN

OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

MARGARET KNOTT
HELENE MOORE
MARGARET TALMADGE

SUB - SOPHOMORES

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VIRGINIA MCCONNELL

VIRGINIA MERCER

JANE PATTILLO

DOROTHY PETEET

MARY ANN SPENCE

NELLE WATSON

ANNE WOODRUFF

MOTTO: *"Do in a day the things of a day."*

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Elizabeth Fuller ..... *Vice-President*

Florence Kennedy ..... *Treasurer*

Betty Yopp ..... *Secretary*

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Frances Kraft

Annie Laurie Kurtz

Aline Macy

Allie Malone

Emily Mitchell

Georgia Oliver

Ann Paschall

Ann Pattillo

Patricia Rountree

Nan Schwab

Betty Jean Shelton

Virginia Willis

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Grace Moore

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Home Room Teacher

MRS. STEWART

First Row—Helen Jones, Elizabeth Routh, Flora Smith, Caroline Aycock, Mary Frances Broach, Frances Cundell, Mary Lee Davidson, Elsie Dunnick.

Back Row—Eloise Ellis, Sallie Cobb Johnson, Carvel Grant Long, Margaret Peavy, Mary Lucile Proctor, Edith Reed, Lillian Roberts, Marjorie Wright.

Member of the Sixth Grade not in the picture—Martha Landon.

OFFICERS—*First Semester*

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LUCILE PROCTOR ..... *Vice-President*

ELOISE ELLIS ..... *Treasurer*

MARY FRANCES BROACH ..... *Secretary*

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MARY LEE DAVIDSON ..... *Vice-President*

LILLIAN ROBERTS ..... *Treasurer*

SALLIE COBB JOHNSON ..... *Secretary*

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Home Room Teacher
MISS DOWNING

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Home Room Teacher
MRS. DAVIS

KINDERGARTEN

Teachers in Charge
MRS. STOUT *and* MISS MEADOR

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES

Jean Alexander, Lewise Camp, Lorraine Moore, Carleen Owens, Mary Elizabeth Penry, Barnette Branson, Betty Mathews, Tracy Moore, Betty Regenstein.

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LEWISE CAMP, LORRAINE MOORE ..... *Treasurers*

TRACY MOORE, BARNETTE BRANSON ..... *Secretaries*

BARNETTE BRANSON ..... *Red Cross Representative*

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Back Row of the Primary Grades—Polly Tate, Beverly Dobbs, Dorothy Ogden, Katherine Dowling, Dorothy Freking, Connie Laube, Jane Poole, Barbara Eisenhardt, Lucile Pierce, Anne McPhail, Marilyn McClung, Lourene Tate.

Other Kindergarteners—Grace Cox, William Gregory, Eleanor Owens, Elsie Preston, Laura Tatum, Stephen Wright.

OTHERS OF THE PRIMARY GRADES

Virginia Batton, Jean Hess, Patsie Jones, Betty Murphy, Betty Ogden, Betty Slaton, Priscilla Yancey.

ACTIVITIES

FACTS & FANCIES

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Faculty Adviser ~~ Mrs. Heath

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HELEN CLARK
ASSISTANT EDITOR

SARA HOPKINS
ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MGR.

JOAN ROOT
BUSINESS MANAGER

MIRIAM BOPP
EDITOR OF LITERATURE

SARA DeARECHEVALA
EDITOR OF ART

HELEN KNIGHT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF ART

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EDITOR OF ATHLETICS

DOROTHY SHIVERS
EDITOR OF CLUBS

JEAN MILLER
EDITOR OF NEWS

ELOISE GRESHAM
EDITOR OF HUMOR

ROBERTA CREW

PAT ALLEN

DOROTHY EMERSON

BUSINESS ASSISTANTS

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Member of Georgia Scholastic Press Association

Member of Atlanta High School Press Association

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Helen Lowndes ..... *Business Manager*

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Emily Timmerman
Feature Editor

Alma Knight
Assistant Feature Editor

Mary Frances Yates
News Editor

Mary Elizabeth Barge
Assistant News Editor

Tommie Quin
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Red Cross Editor

Florence Keen
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Assistant Business Manager

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Sponsor—Miss Martin

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Rosemary Hawk ..... *Junior*

Marion Walker ..... *Sophomore*

Florence Jones ..... *Sub-Sophomore*

Julia Block ..... *Freshman*

Marjorie Wright ..... *Sixth and Seventh Grades*

Barnette Branson ..... *Fourth and Fifth Grades*

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Elizabeth Holcomb	*Secretary*
Mary Frances Yates	*Treasurer*

SENIOR MEMBERS

Top Row—Sara de Arechavala, Genevieve Baird, Miriam Bopp.

Second Row—Dora Bowden, Jean Bradley, Dorothy Emerson, Martha Foster.

Third Row—Marguerite Roddey, Joan Root, Ann Walker, Annie Lou Whitaker.

Fourth Row—Emogene Witherspoon, Mary Frances Yates, Frances Young.

JUNIOR MEMBERS

Top Row—Ida Akers, Alice Armstrong, Beverly Bailey, Mary Elizabeth Barge.

Second Row—Isabel Boykin, Ann Cox, Emily Evins, Lucia Ewing.

Third Row—Nina Fuller, Laura Hill, Elizabeth Holcomb, Julia Hoyt.

Fourth Row—Harriet Milam, Sibylla Pringle, Margaret Rankin, Elinor Wilkinson.

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Miss Downing ..... *Sponsor*
Miss Butler ..... *Co-Sponsor*

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Sara de Arechavala ..... *Vice-President*
Helen Roberts ..... *Treasurer*
Ann Brumby ..... *Secretary*

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Anne Atkins
Mary Louise Blanchard
Anne Brumby

Martha Burnett
Frances Butters
Elizabeth Coursey
Edwana Eby
Ethel Erwin
Emily Evins
Medora Fitten
Nelle Freeman

Mary Fultz
Jeannette Gilham
Catherine Gray

Barbara Greene
Eloise Gresham
Adele Hancock

Mary Harrison
Bobbie Hightower
Laura Hill
Frances Hoyt
Claire Hunnicutt

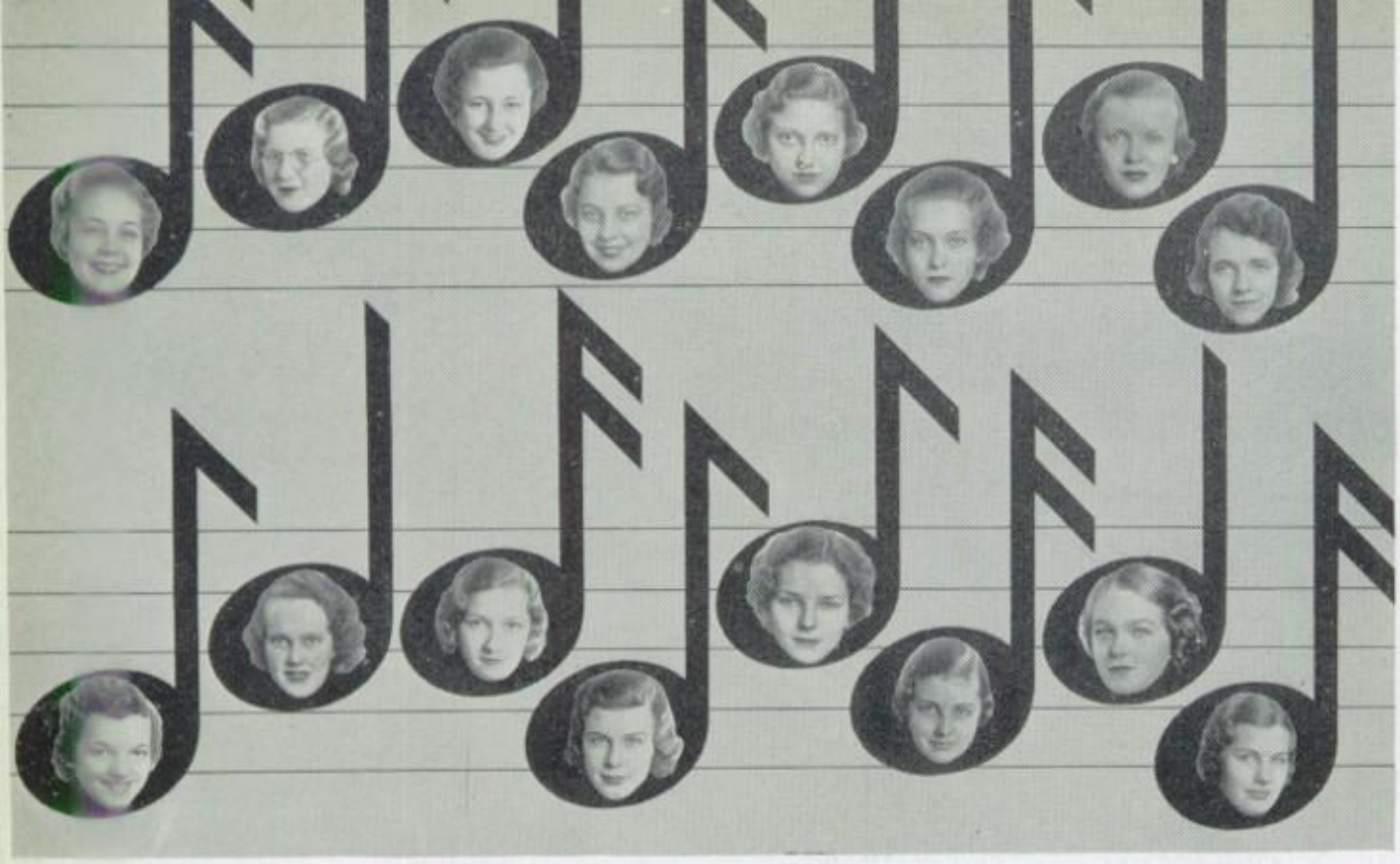
Ruth Hunnicutt
Sara Jenkins
Helen Knight
Ruth McCurry

Virginia Merryman
Harriet Milam
Jean Miller

Clare Neuhoff
Betty Power
Harriet Moore
Helen Roberts

Elizabeth Scott
Marion Wilkinson
Anne Williams
Bebe Young

OTHER MEMBERS

Anne Irby
Helene Moore

GLEE CLUB

MISS DAVIS
Sponsor

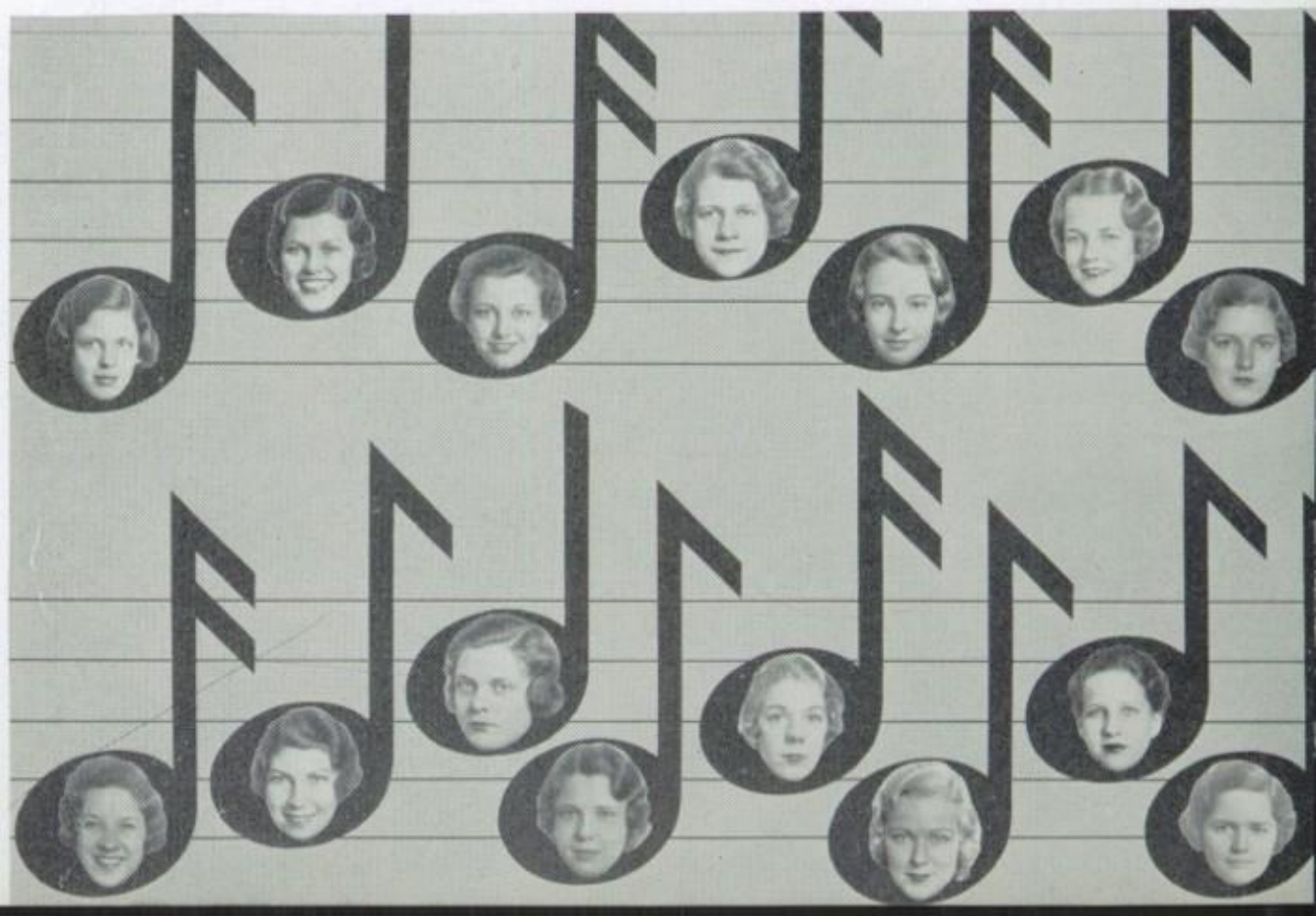
FRANCES YOUNG
President

SYBYLLA PRINGLE
Vice-President

Top Row—Ida Akers, Edith Anderson, Alice Armstrong, Beverly Bailey, Lucille Baldwin, Isabelle Boykin, Nancy Branyon, Anne Brooks.

Second Row—Jane Brooks, Rachel Burton, Cornelia Calloway, Margaret Clarke, Doris Coleman, Elizabeth Colley, Louise Connell, Miriam Dinwiddie.

Top Row—Anderson Dumas, Dorothy Emerson, Lucia Ewing, Martha Foster, Mary Jane Gentry, Anne Gray, Anna Louise Hawk.

Second Row—Rosemary Hawk, Dorothy Hood, Julia Hoyt, Peggy Hughes, Edwina Johnston, Rosa Johnston, Frances Craft, Margaret L'Engle.

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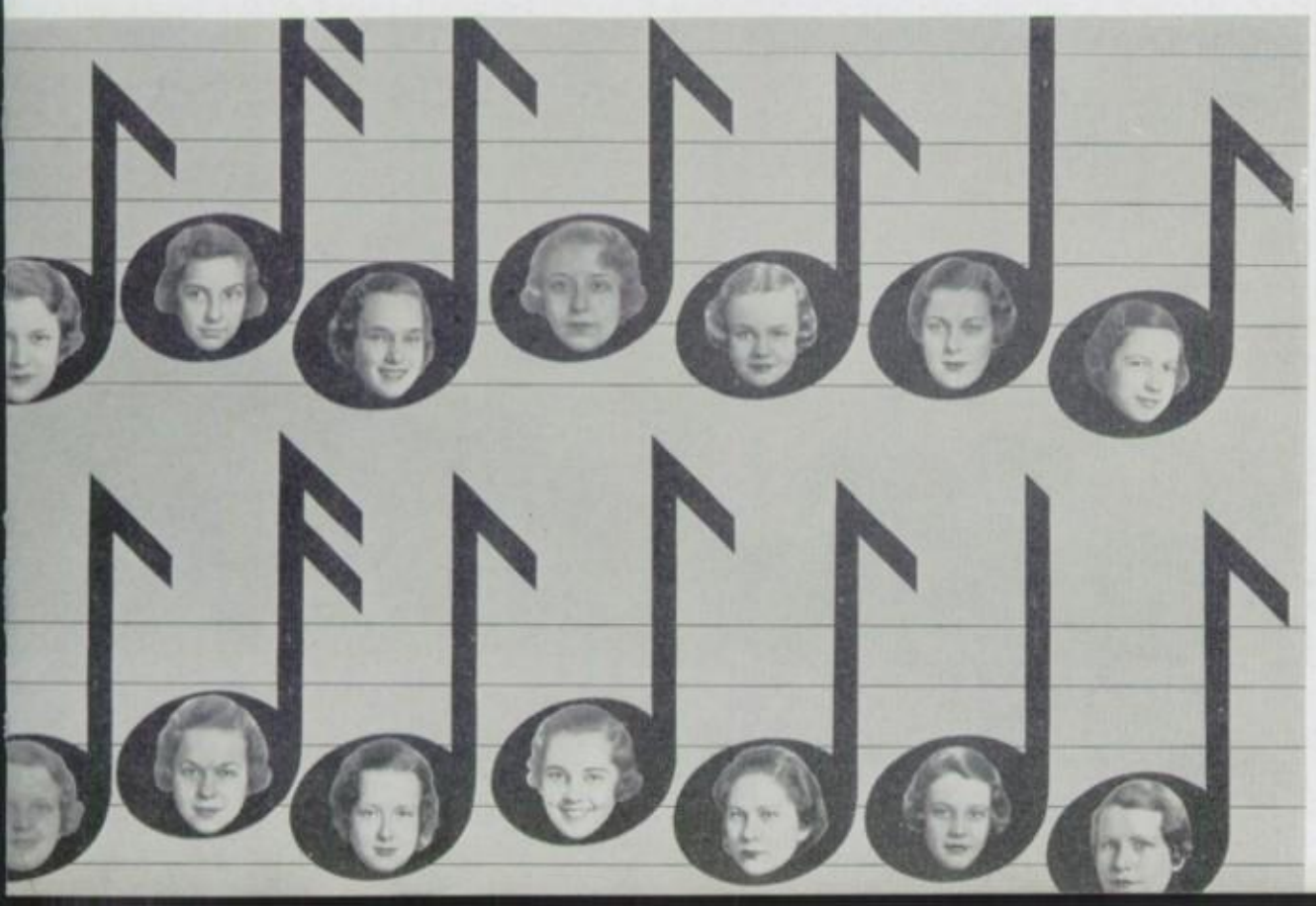
Accompanist

JULIA HOYT
Treasurer

MARIE SCOTT
Secretary

Top Row—Anne Littlepage, Virginia McConnell, Virginia Mercer, Mary Morris, Frances Neal, Anne Paschall, Anne Pattillo, Jane Pattillo.
Second Row—Polly Penuel, Miriam Pope, Margaret Preacher, Sibylla Pringle, atricia Rountree, Dorothy Sanford, Marie Scott, Cundell Smith.

Top Row—Anne Shelton, Mary Anne Spence, Laura Stauverman, Virginia Toombs, Jane Treseder, Anne Walker, Nelle Watson.
Second Row—Annie Lou Whittaker, Elinor Wilkinson, Frances Wilkinson, Lucille Willis, Emogene Witherspoon, Anne Woodruff, Frances Young.



MASQUE AND WIG CLUB

MISS DRAPER ..... *Sponsor*

EMILY TIMMERMAN ..... *President*
HELEN BELL ..... *Vice-President*
CHARLOTTE SAGE ..... *Treasurer*
VIRGINIA MURRAY ..... *Secretary*

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Grace Archer
Helen Aycock

Genevieve Baird
Saralouise Baker
Mary Elizabeth Barge

Helen Bell
Mimi Bopp
Dora Bowden

Jean Bradley
Anne Brown
Frankie Burns

Helen Clark
Gladys Irene Cook
Anne Cox

Bobbie Crew
Louise Duke
Constance Fabel

Marjorie Hames
Elizabeth Holcomb
Florence Keen

Alma Knight
Betty Lee
Elizabeth L'Engle
Jean McKay

Virginia Murray
Iris Perry
Margaret Rankin
Joan Root

Charlotte Sage
Ruth Shannon
Emily Timmerman
Marion Walker

OTHER MEMBERS

Berrenice Shellnutt

Lillian Willet

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MARIE BECKET and MIMI BOPP ..... *Sponsors*

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ALEEN MACY ..... *Vice-President*

EMILY MITCHELL ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

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BETTY JEAN SHELTON ..... *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH GROVES ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

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Betty Chambers

George Dargan

Elizabeth Fuller

Elizabeth Groves

Anne Harris

Anne Kenan

Florence Kennedy

Aleen Macy

Allie Malone

Emily Mitchell

Nancy Schwab

Betty Jean Shelton

Virginia Willis

Betty Yopp

DORMITORY DEMONS

PAT ALLEN
President

FLORENCE KEEN
Vice-President

JEAN MILLER
Treasurer

ADELE HANCOCK
Secretary

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Pat Allen

Mary Fultz

Adele Hancock

Rosa Johnston

Helen Knight

Jean Miller

JUNIOR MEMBERS

Bobbie Hightower

Edwina Johnston

Florence Keen

Virginia Mercer

Patricia Rountree

Frances Wilkinson

"A" CLUB

(ATHLETICS)

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MARGUERITE RODDEY ..... *President*

ANNETTE HIGHTOWER ..... *Vice-President*

ELISE TERHUNE ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

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Betty Ann Bird

Ruth Brawner
Anne Dargan
Jane Franklin
Nina Fuller

Mary Helmer
Annette Hightower
Sara Hopkins
Florence Jones

Annie Laurie Kurtz
Frances Latimer
Helen Lowndes
Georgia Oliver

Dorothy Peteet
Tommie Quin
Marguerite Roddey
Beverly Rogers
Dorothy Shivers
Elise Terhune
Christine Thiesen

Elizabeth Treseder
Mary Frances Yates
Babs Zuber
Betty Zuber

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Miss Ligon	*Director*
Marguerite Roddey	*President*
Elise Terhune	*Vice-President*
Annette Hightower	*Secretary and Treasurer*
Emily Timmerman	*Manager of Basket Ball*
Virginia Murray	*Manager of Vo'ley Ball*
Mary Frances Yates	*Manager of Tennis*
Anne Gray	*Manager of Track*
Betty Zuber	*Manager of Archery*

CHEER LEADERS

Pat Allen

Sara Hopkins

Anne Dargan

VARSITY

FORWARDS	GUARDS
Marguerite Roddey, Captain	Tommie Quin
Virginia Murray	Nina Fuller
Frances Latimer	Emily Timmerman

SQUAD

Bottom Row—Betty Zuber, Georgia Adams, Annie Laurie Kurtz, Virginia Murray, Marguerite Roddey, Emily Timmerman, Nina Fuller, Mary Helmer, Babs Zuber.

Middle Row—Anne Cox, Betty Anne Bird, Adele Hancock, Tommie Quin, Sibylla Pringle, Mary Frances Yates, Mary Elizabeth Barge.

Top Row—Bobby Hightower, Jane Brooks, Miriam Dinwiddie, Ruth Brawner, Edwina Johnston, Frances Latimer, Anne Brooks, Annette Hightower.

SCHEDULE OF INTER-SCHOOL BASKET BALL GAMES

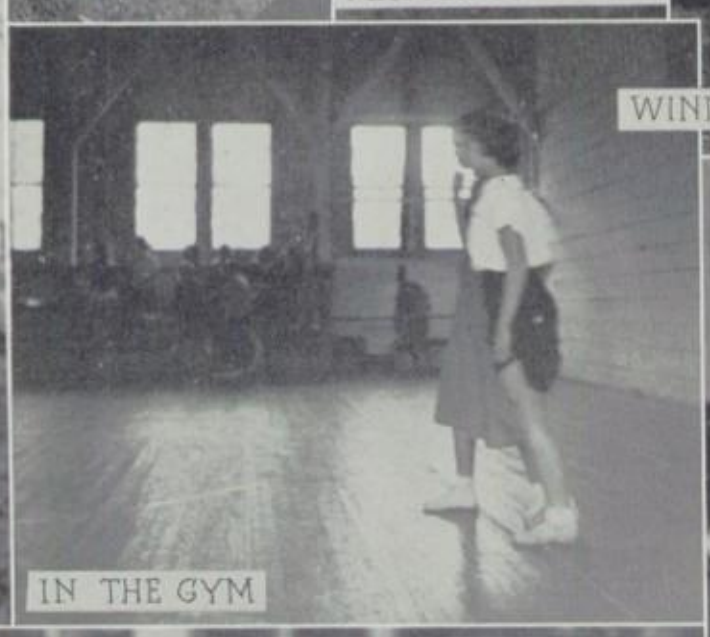
January	12	North Fulton	9	Seminary	44
January	19	Decatur Hi	13	Seminary	74
January	25	North Fulton	13	Seminary	42
January	30	Druid Hills Hi	29	Seminary	50
January	31	Decatur Hi	12	Seminary	53
February	6	Sacred Heart	22	Seminary	66
February	9	Jonesboro Hi	32	Seminary	70
February	16	Athens Hi	29	Seminary	52
February	23	Monroe Hi	8	Seminary	38
March	2	Athens Hi	21	Seminary	33
March	9	N.A.P.S.	31	Seminary	35

1934 WINNER IN CLASS BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

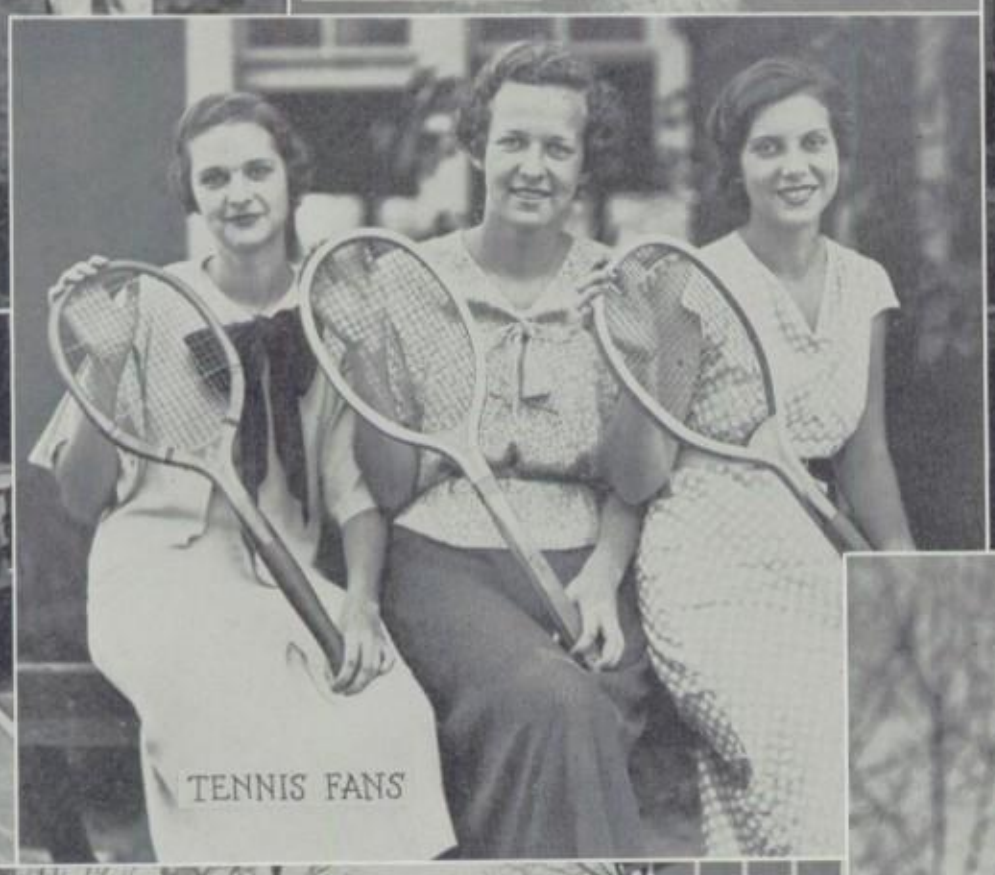
CHAMPION

MASTER OF CHEERS

WINNER IN CLASS VOLLEY BALL TOURNAMENT



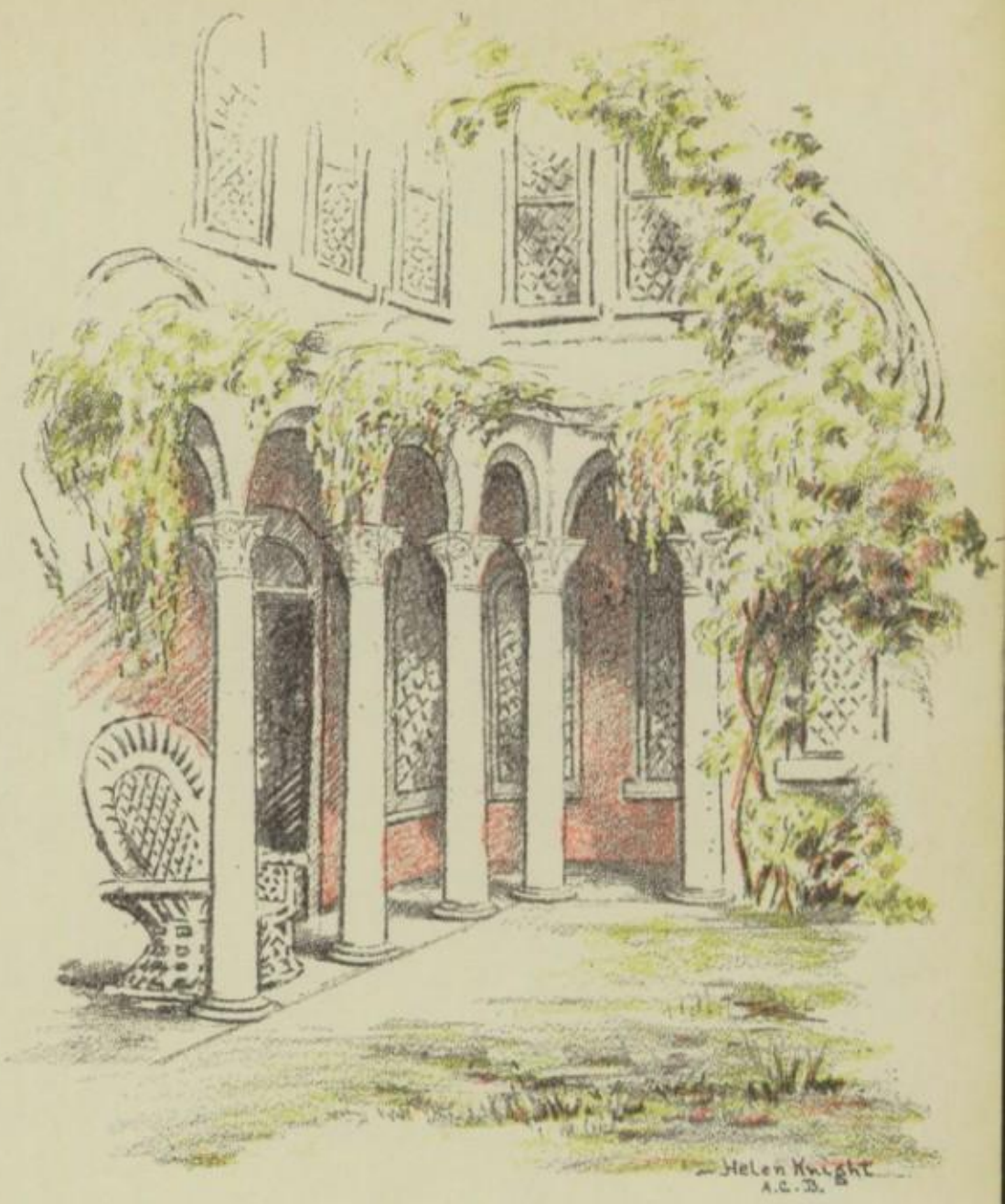
IN THE GYM



TENNIS FANS

STUNTS

PUSHBALL ENTHUSIASTS



FEATURES AND EVENTS

HONORARY AWARDS IN 1933

COMPETITIVE ESSAYS

D.A.R. (Atlanta Chapter) ..... *Georgia Writers*
Medal awarded to Clare Haverty, 1933

U.D.C. (Atlanta Chapter) ..... *Sidney Lanier*
Medal awarded to Mary Elizabeth Barge, 1935

Daughters of 1812 ..... *Georgia's Part in the War of* 1812
Medal awarded to Louise Duke, 1934

SCHOLARSHIPS

Agnes Scott College ..... Barbara Massey

Randolph-Macon College ..... Claire Bullock, Dorothy Dent

Wesleyan College ..... Katherine Scott

Hollins College ..... Joyce Smith

Cox College ..... Elizabeth Holsenback

HONORARY AWARDS IN 1934

(Announced Commencement Night)

COMPETITIVE ESSAYS

D.A.R. (Atlanta Chapter) ..... *Our Literary Forebears of Revolutionary Days*
Medal awarded to . . . . . .

U.D.C. (Atlanta Chapter) ..... *Robert E. Lee*
Medal awarded to . . . . . .

Daughters of 1812 ..... *William Harris Crawford, the Georgian*
Medal awarded to . . . . . .

SCHOLARSHIPS

Agnes Scott College .....

Mills College .....

Randolph-Macon College .....

Wesleyan College .....

Shorter College .....

Converse College .....

Hollins College .....

Rollins College .....

Fairmont (Junior College) .....

Virginia Intermont (Junior College) .....

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE SENIORS

Each year from a list of eligible Seniors a group is chosen for the Round Table. Only one tenth of the class may be so honored from among those whose scholarship, school service, and fidelity ratings warrant consideration. The five Seniors selected this year are generally conceded the honor pupils of the class. This election and the popular vote on so-styled Representative Girls and the May Queen, Maid-of-Honor, and the May Court cause one to take inventory as to who are truly representative and why.

Throughout the year Seniors holding key positions on the two publications—FACTS AND FANCIES and THE MISSEMMA—have been duly recognized as Seniors of consequence. Incidentally this group, augmented by the most representative of all representative Seniors, "The Spirit of the Seminary," constitute the Round Table. Also, throughout the year, those who have attained for themselves, for their class, and for their school distinction in athletics and in dramatics, have been accorded signal praise. Less spectacular are the individuals throughout the school who have earned membership in the Junior Press Association as a result of work on THE MISSEMMA or those Seniors whose writings have earned for them a place in the literary section of this book, on the class night program, or, perhaps, the even more marked recognition of a D.A.R., or Daughters of 1812 essay award.

Those who have represented the school on the outside in Red Cross work, or in interscholastic contests are further cited as exceptional Seniors, or underclassmen, as the case may be. And finally come those to whom scholarshps have been awarded to other institutions; for especially are they representative of Seminary studentship, personality, and integrity. They demonstrate how Seminary graduates are fitted to carry on.

Of all the honors cited, the most coveted and the most deserving of praise is "Spirit of the Seminary"; for the girl who qualifies in this respect holds most of the other honors in the hollow of her hand. 1934 is proud of the fact that one of her number has for two years been deserving of this prestige.

—ANNE DARGAN.

THE ROUND TABLE

JOAN ROOT

DORA BOWDEN

MARGUERITE RODDEY

ELIZABETH TRESEDER

HELEN LOWNDES

MARGUERITE RODDEY

For Two Years Spirit of the Seminary

Most Popular

Dora Bowden

Most Intellectual

HELEN LOWNDES

Most Attractive

FRANCES LATIMER

Most Beautiful

MARY FRANCES YATES

Most Athletic

PAT ALLEN

Most Stylish

EMILY TIMMERMAN

Most Friendly

VIRGINIA MURRAY

Most Considerate

ELIZABETH TRESEDER

Most Represntative

RED LETTER DAYS

JEAN MILLER, *News Editor*

September 25—FACTS AND FANCIES staff and THE MISSEMMA staff elected.
September 26 - December 10—Senior Chapel Speeches.
October 4—Class officers rode in N.R.A. parade.
October 15—First Honor Rating for FACTS AND FANCIES of 1933 by the National Scholastic Press Association.
October 23—Adele Douet talked on Sophie Newcomb College.
October 31—Junior Hallowe'en Party in the gym.
November 3—School visited marble quarries at Tate.
November 10—Address by President Robertson of Goucher College.
November 10—Armistice Day program.
November 13—Seniors won Volley Ball tournament.
November 15—Needle Work Guild display.
November 24—Loving Cup awarded FACTS AND FANCIES of 1933 by the Southern Interscholastic Press Association.
November 29—Thanksgiving party given in the gym by the Juniors.
November 29—Thanksgiving holidays.
December 13—Christmas party given in the gym by the Seniors.
December 17—Christmas dinner for the Boarders and the Faculty.
December 18—Christmas tree for the children of the Salvation Army.
December 18—Christmas holidays.
January 12 - March 9—Basket Ball season—all victories.
January 13—*The Charm School* presented by the Dramatic Club.
January 16—Senior Short Story contest closed and places announced.
February 10—Snow.
March 6—Senior Recognition Day.
March 7—Mrs. Scott lectured on recent Broadway plays.
March 9—Dr. Anderson of Wesleyan talked.
March 10—Agnes Scott entertained Seniors at campus party.
March 13—Oral English benefit bridge party.
March 21—Senior Round Table members announced.
March 22—Miss Thompson talked on Vassar.
Marsh 23—Dramatic Club presented plays.
March 28—Easter Egg hunt given by the school.
March 29 - April 3—Easter Holidays.
April 10—Junior benefit bridge party.
April 13—May Queen and Court announced.
April 19—Domestic Science class gave banquet for fathers.
April 23—*Home Beautiful* Book awards.
May 5—Honorable Mention for THE MISSEMMA by the Georgia Press Association.
May 9—Student Recital.
May 10—Mrs. Gladys Hansen Cook talked on acting as a profession.
May 14 - 18—Senior Debates.
May 15—May Day.
May 16—Sewing exhibit of dresses.
May 17—Senior play.
May 18—Junior-Senior Tea.
May 19—Alumnae Lawn Party.
May 20—Baccalaureate Sunday.
May 21—Commencement Recital.
May 22—Class Night and Reception.
May 23—Graduation Exercises at Atlanta Woman's Club.

HONORS TO FACTS AND FANCIES OF 1933

1. First Honor Rating in the National Scholastic Press Association.
2. First Place in Class "D" of the Dixie Interscholastic Press Association
3. Editorial in the *Atlanta Journal*, July 6, 1933

One of the most charming tributes ever paid to the memory of a beloved Georgian is the 1933 *edition of* Facts and Fancies, *published by the Senior Class of Washington Seminary and memorializing the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Joel Chandler Harris. The book is a work of art as well as a labor of love. Woven through its pages, like the melody of a quaint and heart-compelling song, runs the "Uncle Remus" theme. "Br'er Rabbit," "Br'er Fox," and the "critters" all are there, dancing around pleasant borders, peeping from unexpected nooks, bringing to life again the folklore humor and philosophy that savors so richly of Georgia's soil.*

The volume is dedicated to Miss Nora Belle Starke, of Washington Seminary faculty, who as a little girl knew Joel Chadler Harris, adoring him and in turn adored with the tenderness that draws the grace of childhood and the genius of age together. Some delightful letters and verses which he wrote to her and about her are reproduced in the literary section. Beautifully appropriate it is that the Harris Memorial edition of Facts and Fancies *should coincide with the Bicentennial of Georgia's founding. It will remain one of the treasured momentoes of a historic year.*

—Will Cole Jones.

THE STAFF

VIRGINIA MERRY
Editor-in-Chief
MARGARET HOLCOMB
Business Manager
EUGENIA SNOW
Assistant Editor
JOYCE SMITH
Associate Business Manager
ELEANOR GRAY
Art Editor

LITERARY STAFF

ETHEL COX
DOROTHY DENT
ADELL RUFFNER
PATTIE LANGSTON
JUANITA GRESHAM
BETTY HUFF

BUSINESS STAFF

MARIE CAMP
HENRIETTA WILKERSON
LUCILE WILSON
ELIZABETH WOODWARD

National Scholastic Press Association

1933 ALL-AMERICAN YEARBOOK CRITICAL SERVICE

NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION — FOUNDED 1921 — FORMERLY C.I.P.A.

FACTS AND FANCIES

In recognition of its merit is awarded

First Class Honor Rating

in the Thirteenth National Yearbook Critical Service of the National Scholastic Press Association at the University of Minnesota, Department of Journalism, this First day of November, 1933.

Approved by
Ralph D. Casey
E. H. Ford
Fred C. Wilson

Significance of Ratings
All-American - - Superior
First Class - - Excellent
Second Class - - - Good
Third Class - High Average
Fourth Class - No Honors

CLIPPINGS FROM THE MISSEMMA

Edited by JEAN MILLER

The Missemma

VOLUME XII | WASHINGTON SEMINARY, ATLANTA, GA., NOVEMBER TO MAY | 8 NUMBERS

BABY CONTRIBUTES

Robert Martin, Jr., who was the youngest contributor to the Needlework Guild, with his mother, the former Margaret King, '31, showing his first contribution.

Junior Red Cross Seminary Enrollment Reaches 100% Mark

It should be a matter of great pride to the faculty and student body to know that our school ranks at the very top in its Red Cross activities. No organization can better a rating of 100% in membership enrollment. Washington Seminary has this highly commendable distinction.

The school has also shown a considerable interest in other Junior Red Cross projects. Elizabeth Coursey made very attractive place cards for the American Junior Red Cross State Conference luncheon held at the Henry Grady Hotel on October 10. A large percentage of the students were enthusiastic over filling the Red Cross boxes for the juniors in other parts of the world. The sub-sophomore class should be

Boarders Bulletin

The Boarders have organized a club known as the Dormitory Demons. This club will have charge of "open house" and set definite dates for these Sunday afternoons. This club will also take care of the Boarders page in the Annual.

Display of Dresses Made By Girls In Chapel For Needlework Guild

The annual needlework display was held on Wednesday, November 15, in chapel, by the girls of the sewing classes. Each girl showed a child's dress with bloomers or slip to match, which she had made. These garments were for the Needlework Guild.

For twenty-five years, the Seminary has been a member of the National Needlework Guild, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. The Seminary was the sixth unit organized in Atlanta. The interest in the contributions to this charity increases each year both in the number and quality of the gifts.

The girls of the boarding department and the teachers, as well as the girls of the sewing classes, make the garments that they give. Some of those who cannot sew, buy a dress or a piece of underwear to give. Others give money, which is used to buy linen for the hospitals of Atlanta.

Facts and Fancies '33 Wins Honor Rating

Facts and Fancies, annual for the class of 1933, received first class honor rating or excellent in the National Scholastic Press Association meeting held at Chicago October 13, 14, 15. This press association is the largest in the world with membership over several thousand schools and colleges.

Washington Seminary is one of the few secondary schools of Georgia which holds a membership.

The financial development of this year book was given 100% rating due to the perseverance and economic qualities of Margaret Holcomb, business manager.

Christmas Tree Brings Cheer to Children of The Salvation Army

Ornamented Tree Gives Brilliant Effect To Chapel

Today the Seminary begins the Holiday Season by spreading Christmas cheer among the little Salvation Army children.

For many years it has been the custom of the school to play Santa Claus to a number of children who would not otherwise be remembered at this joyful time. As the little boys and girls enter the room their eyes grow big and sparkle with delight at the sight of the Christmas tree loaded down with toys and goodies.

The tree is indeed a wonderful sight, with its shining tinsel and bright colored lights. The kiddies say scarcely a word in their timidity and excitement but each one's face lights up with a smile as he or she receives a bulging stocking, filled with candy, nuts, toys, and fruit.

Seminary Guests of Tates at Mills And Quarries

Miss Margaret Tate, a Seminary alumna, and Mr. Steve Tate, her brother, entertained the Seminary faculty and students delightfully at Tate, Ga., Friday, November 3. A visit through the mills and a tour of the quarries were the outstanding events of the trip.

The procession of automobiles, headed by Mr. Scott, left the city at 11 o'clock. The travelers arrived at Tate at 2 o'clock and immediately went to the main school building where a reception had been planned for them .

After greetings had been exchanged, refreshments were served.

A Course in Finished Marble

The visitors then rode over to the mills where they were divided into groups. Each group was conducted through the mill by one of the hosts. The Seminary girls listened eagerly to the explanations of the different parts of the mill and were greatly interested in the cutting and polishing of the marble.

Editor of Emory Wheel Host to *Missemma* Staff At *Journal* Building

Cordially Assisted by Mr. W. S. Gregory, Political Writer

Boisfeuillet Jones, editor-in-chief of *The Emory Wheel*, the official paper of Emory University, made arrangements for *The Missemma* staff to go through the plant of one of Atlanta's leading newspapers, *The Atlanta Journal*, on Thursday, November 2.

The staff of twenty girls headed by Miss Mildred Davis, faculty adviser, met Boisfeuillet at the For-

Class Officers Ride In Great NRA Parade

Atlanta saw the most spectacular parade in its history on October 4. 50,000 people marched and rode for four hours down Peachtree Street to the City Hall, acclaiming the NRA a triumph. Every corporation, institution, and school declared a holiday and entered marchers, decorated cars, or floats. Approximately 200,000 people lined the sidewalks to view the procession.

The Seminary was represented by five beautifully decorated cars containing officers of the upper classes. The cooperation of the girls' parents in lending their cars was much appreciated.

Twenty-four Graduates Seek Higher Learning

Twenty-four out of forty-nine graduates of the class of '33 entered schools and colleges throughout the country this fall. The girls are widely distributed, eight choosing to continue their studies in Georgia, five in Virginia, four in Washington, D. C., two in Florida, two in Pennsylvania, and one each in Alabama, Tennessee, and California.

Following is the list of schools and colleges they entered:

Patty Langston, Stamford University, Calif.; Claire Bullock and Dorothy Dent, Randolph-Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.; Barbara Massey, Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga.; Katherine Scott, Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.; Joyce Smith, Hollins College, Va.; Lucile Wilson, Oglethorpe University, Ga.; Ethel Cox, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; Marie Camp and Elizabeth Holsombach, Cox College, College Park, Ga.; Emily Bratton, State Teachers College, Harrisonburg, Va.; Ellen Fleming and Virginia Merry, Florida State College, Tallahassee, Fla.; Jean Pennington, Woman's College, Montgomery, Ala.; Eleanor Terhune, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.; Claire Haverty and Anne Alston, Ogontz School, Rydal, Pa.; Julia Beers, Gunstan Hall, A. Ruffner, Fairmont School, Washington; Margaret Holcomb, Sweet Briar College, Va.; Frances Durand and Henrietta Wilkerson, Draughon's Business School, Atlanta; Leone Brooks, High Museum School of Art, Atlanta.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE MISSEMMA

THE MISSEMMA

Published monthly at Atlanta, Georgia, by the students of Washington Seminary

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Member of Georgia Scholastic Press Association
Member of Atlanta High School Press Association

The school paper expresses the personality of the school, which, in itself, expresses the individual personalities of us all. In order to render a true and real picture of the whole student body it is necessary that each and every one of you contribute a part of your personality to this publication. Whether it be a thought, a suggestion, a criticism, a news article, or an advertisement, your interest shows that you "belong" and are adding your force of character to the little community we call school. There is a box situated on the left of the main entrance in the study hall where your contribution may be placed. Most of your time is spent here during nine months of the year. Being interested in the school's activities and undertakings is part of the game. Help to make it *you* and with that it will become *us*, the voice of all. It will then portray a helpful, vivacious group which can and will exist.

Girls, realize that beauty means little; money means nothing; and sense and intellect are inadequate without the quality of culture. Culture is acquired and developed; it is not inherited like grace and prettiness. It is not taught like lessons. Culture must come from your heart and be built from your soul. Culture is the foundation of personality and individuality. Are we cultured or must we begin now? We have the material, so let us each acquire that necessary faculty.

College is one of the main steps in life and must be taken seriously. If one is pleasant, willing to do the best one can regardless of what turns up, she'll find all things will turn out better. College stands for a number of things; years of preparation that stand between high school and being out on one's own. Happiness lies in the manner in which one lives. Let us try to become girls that any college would be willing to welcome as an example.

In a recent issue of the *Junior Journal* under the section, "News Notes and Comments," a commendable paragraph was written in praise of the work being done by the girls in Washington Seminary for the year. Recognition is always an incentive to harder work. For these last few weeks let's see how much we can accomplish.

—Christene Thiesen '34.

A Courting They Will Go

By NANCY BRANYON '34

1885

"Giddap there, Dobbin." Creak, creak, creak, clomp, clomp, clomp. Mile after mile, slowly travelling along a dusty road on a summer afternoon, for the young man who took off his hat and mopped has face with his handkerchief. My, what a blistering hot day! Would he never get there? He grew more impatient as time wore on. He was a young man in love and on his way to pay his weekly visit. He had left Conyers, Georgia, at four o'clock in the morning and would reach his destination at six o'clock in the evening, a distance of thirty-eight miles.

Four-thirty o'clock, Atlanta. He tied his horse to the hitching post outside the hotel, and went inside to freshen up and eat dinner.

Back in his buggy, he continued his journey. "Giddap there, Dobbin." Creak, creak, creak, clomp, clomp, clomp.

At last he was in sight of the house. He could see her on the porch. Now he was in the yard. Six o'clock. It had taken him fourteen hours to make the journey. Well, for such a distance, that was pretty good time.

At nine o'clock he left to make the journey back to Atlanta to spend the night at the hotel where he had engaged a room. At two o'clock the next afternoon he started homeward in order to be on time for work the following morning.

1895

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do." Mounted on a bicycle, a young man wearing a new striped suit and a new straw hat, was humming merrily as he pedaled along the avenue. He, too, was a young man in love and was on his way to take "her" riding on his bicycle "built for two."

Ah, but doesn't she look sweet in those immense sleeves and that new sailor hat. He hoped her skirts wouldn't get tangled in the chain. Women always wore so many skirts anyway.

They rode round and round the park, meeting other couples on similar vehicles, smiling and nodding to each other.

And so passed the day.

1905

Chug, chug, chug, toot, toot. Everybody out of the way for here comes an automobile!

It's John out to take Elizabeth for a drive. He's in goggles and cap and linen duster. There he goes by an an ourageous speed! Fifteen miles an hour! Think of it!

Now here they come back. Elizabeth is wrapped in linen duster and flaming veils. It seems that she would be afraid to ride in that thing so fast. It might explode! But there she is smiling and waving her hands at friends as they go chug-chugging out of sight.

1925

Beep-beep! The green roadster pulled up at the curb. A slam of the front door, out bounced Peggy from the house.

And they were off down the highway doing eighty miles an hour. "Some stepper, this baby!"

1935

Br-ring!

"Why Paul, you're supposed to be in New York, but come in. What are you doing here in Los Angeles?"

"I left last night at seven-thirty, and here I am at eleven. I flew my own plane. If you'll grab a hat, I'll show you a bird's eye view of Los Angeles!"

"Okay, I'll be with you in a minute."

As time progresses—what next?

—WS—

Miss Emma

The other day Dr. Robinson, of Goucher College, said, "Your girls are so intelligent looking, so interested, and so *well mannered* that I almost thought I was seeing college girls through the other end of the telescope—just smaller."

DEATH

By BETTY LEE '34

Death is a promotion
For those worthy ones
Who, fitting into the pattern
Of ideal life, pass on
At the call of God
Into a perfectness
Where kindness and beauty dominate,
Shoving aside the littleness of earthlings.

Aviatrix' Personality

AMELIA EARHART

Impresses Reporters

By FRAN YATES

Four trembling girls advanced hesitantly along one of the corridors of the Biltmore Hotel and timidly knocked at the door of room 845, on Saturday morning, February 3. The uncertainty of these otherwise fearless girls was caused by the fact that they were, in just a few seconds, to interview none other than Amelia Earhart, most famous of all women flyers.

Why can't the "Walking Wiener Stands" take a friendly hint?

Clippings from THE MISSEMMA

Senior Party Success

A grand and glorious Christmas party was given by the Seniors in the gym Wednesday, December 13. A Christmas tree, covered with silver tinsel and many colored ornaments stood in one corner. In front of this the tiny tots of the kindergarten danced.

A large turkey was raffled off and brought great happiness to the lucky winner. Food in abundance was enjoyed by all. Santa Claus was the delight of the younger children.

Everyone proclaimed that the class of '34 really knows just how to give a party.

Extra Holiday Given For Success of Drive

The seniors put the Annual Drive over with the co-operation of the high school and the lower classes. Besides success, this means an extra Easter holiday.

After each senior had brought her subscription and the class had secured a large percent of advertisements, the Drive was on. Three cheers for the Sophomores! They came in first place with 73 1/3% of the class subscribing to the Annual. The Juniors were awarded the second place with a percentage of 66 2/3%. The Freshman Class came third with a rating of 52 4/23%; the Sub-Sophomores fourth with a rating of 47 4/10%. The Seventh Grade was fifth with a rating of 46 2/3%.

Since the beginning of the drive, two weeks before, the mercury in the thermometer on the ad and subscription posters steadily climbed close to the top. The mercury in the advertising thermometer boiled over with more than $250 worth of ads. The subscription one rose nearly to the margin with almost 150 subscriptions.

Fifteen *rahs* for the Annual Staff, and fifteen *rahs* for Mrs. Heath, faculty adviser!

Mrs. Drew, Artist, Enthralls History of Art Class

The History of Art Class had an interesting experience last week when Miss Nora Belle took them to visit the High Museum of Art. Paintings by Mrs. Barneswell Drew were on exhibition. The class was pleasantly surprised to find Mrs. Drew herself awaiting them.

Traditional Christmas Dinner Given Boarders By Miss Emma

Candle Ceremony
Adds Beauty
To Scene

One of the oldest traditions of the Seminary is the Christmas dinner given by Miss Emma for the boarders and the faculty with their husbands, or other escorts. This beautiful and impressive celebration takes place on the last night before the school closes for the Christmas holidays. There is always much fun and merry-making.

The first party took place about ten years ago with Miss Sharp in charge of affairs. These doings of the boarders were to be kept a secret from Miss Emma; so, when this dear lady was absent, there was much scurrying about in order that the girls might practice carols

Combined Dramatic Clubs Give Program of Plays

The Senior and Junior Dramatic Club members presented four entertaining and delightful one act plays, Friday evening, March 23, in the Seminary auditorium. The program commenced with *The Truth About Jane* with a cast from the Junior Club. The action took place in the living-room of the home of Mrs. Wilming, acted by Betty Yopp. Other parts were taken by Florence Kennedy, Aline Macey, Virginia Willis, George Dargan, the modern girl, Elizabeth Fuller, her aunt, and Nancy Schwab. George Dargan, took the part of a modern young girl

The second play, *Bargains*, was presented by three persons—Joan Root, the first shop lifter; Mimi Bopp, the second shop lifter; and Sara Louise Baker, the waitress. This play was such a success that it will be presented April 13 and 14 at the Biltmore for the Georgia Teachers Association.

A play of typical rural life called *Just Folks* was given by the Junior and Senior Club members. The cast included Marion Walker, Charlotte Sage, Gladys Cook, Betty Lee, Ruth Shannon, Florance Keen, Virginia Murray, and Bess L'Engle. Marion Walker as "Grandma," acted her part admirably as did Betty Lee, known as "Peter." This play will be given again for the Business Woman's Circle of St. Mark's Church, April 10.

On the Way Home appropriately concluded the program. The whole act took part in an imaginary car, with a boy, Louise Duke, and a girl, Helen Aycock, riding home

"The Charm School" To Be Presented

The Masque and Wig Dramatic Club makes this first official announcement of their forthcoming presentation of "The Charm School," written by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, which will be directed by Miss Ruth Draper. The Tech Marionettes are assisting in the production.

The play is a light romantic comedy concerning five young men who attempt to run a girls' boarding school. Helen Clarke and Emily Timmerman play the feminine leads. Freddie Fuchs is the youthful owner of the school. The rest of the cast includes Pat Allen, Gladys Cook, Joan Root, Mimi Bopp, Martha Gordy, Helen Bell, Alma Knight, and Mary Elizabeth Barge. Among Tech Marionettes in the cast are Bob Rowan, Jimmy Dougherty, Bob Johnson, Jim Markley, and Harry Kupiac.

Joan Root Selected As Leading Lady in Senior Play

Polly With a Past by George Middleton and Guy Bolton will be presented by the Senior class on or about May 10, under the direction of Miss Draper. With the exception of two male characters, the cast has been chosen as follows:

Harry Richardson—Bob Rowen.
Rex Van Zile—Roland Murray.
Prentice Van Zile—Bill Rosamond.
Clay Collum—Jimmy Dougherty.
Commodore Bob Parker—Jimmy Markley.
Polly Shannon—Joan Root.
Mrs. Martha Van Zile—Mimi Bopp.
Myrtle Davis—Pat Allen.
Mrs. Clementine Davis—Elizabeth L'Engle.
Parker, a maid—Marguerite Roddey.

Oral English Class Will Give Party To Help Child

Mrs. W. W. Davison Tells
Class About Child
Unable to Talk

Plans for a benefit bridge party March 6 are under way in the Oral English class. The object of the project is to raise sufficient funds to carry on the speech education of an afflicted child, June, who at the present time has little use of bodily muscles and almost no use of words.

Senior Recognition Day. Made Annual Custom Through Success

Each year one class moves on to make room for those who are following step by step. But before this revolution there must always be a day when the seniors reign supreme—a day on which they have the power to don the magic cloak of tutorship, a cloak of question-proof armor, which enables them to teach any class that contains a senior. This day of days is the newly established "Senior Recognition Day."

It was a gala day indeed when Tuesday, March 6, rolled around, warm and sunny clear, an ideal day for all teachers to feel the truant urge. Mr. Scott foresaw that difficulty and requested of the faculty that they attend their classes as usual just in case there should be a few holes in the question-proof armor.

Miss Roddey, Senior president, took charge of Mrs. Fisher's realm at 8:30 and conducted chapel. After chapel Mr. Scott gave a short talk explaining the purpose of the day and its real significance. It was then that every girl in the school resolved earnestly to make the day a success. Because of this spirit of loyal co-operation the seniors were able to achieve distinction as amateur teachers.

Several Seniors Earn Extra Easter Holiday

A large number of seniors earned an extra holiday at Easter for high scholastic standing. This senior privilege was granted by Miss Emma to all seniors making an average of A from March 9 until Easter.

The girls who made the averages necessary to gain the holiday were Genevieve Baird, Mimi Bopp, Dora Bowden, Dorothy Emerson, Sara Hopkins, Helen Knight, Bess L'Engle, Virginia Murray, Claire Neuhoff, Marguerite Roddey, Joan Root, Christine Thiesen, Virginia Toombs, Frances Young, Anne Walker, Annie Lou Whitaker, Elizabeth Treseder.

Seniors to the Fore In "Charley" Contest

The seniors have again scored first in important contests. Their class dues were collected before others of any other class. In the volleyball tournament they won by a large margin. In the first match, they defeated the sophomores by a score of 21-8. Next they defeated the juniors in the best two out of three games. Virginia Murray captained the team.

Clippings from THE MISSEMMA

ATHLETICS

Basketball Season Ends As W. S. Defeats N.A.P.S. By Two Goals

Four Varsity Seniors Finish Fine Careers in Star Manner

The final game of the year was brought to an exciting end victorious finish last Friday, March 9, when the Seminary clashed with N. A. P. S. The Seminary truly "came home with the bacon," for not only did they defeat North Avenue, 35 to 31, but they succeeded in going through an entire season *undefeated*, a thing heretofore unaccomplished at the Seminary

As the teams ran out on the court, each side eagerly anticipated a decisive victory. The game was a hard one, well played by each girl. The passwork of the Seminary forwards—Roddey, Murray, and Latimer—was beautiful, not to mention the sure shots of Blackshear, Fugitt, and McGahee of N. A. P. S

Adele Douet Talks Of Sophie Newcomb

On Monday, October 23, in chapel, Miss Adele Douet, a member of the faculty at Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans, gave the student body a talk on the entrance requirements of Sophie Newcomb.

This college affords a choice of four courses leading to a degree. They are the art course, the music course, science, and the course including languages and cultural subjects, which leads to an A.B. degree. Instead of being a co-educational college in which boys and girls have classes together, Newcomb is a coordinate college; that is, the girls have social contacts with the boys but their classes are separate.

Easter Eggs Escape Efficient Fingers

Watson, Green, Dunnick Prove Sharpsighted in Winning Prizes

The whole school joined in making a success of the Easter Egg Hunt held at recess on Wednesday, March 28. Everyone had some part in it and busy preparations were going on all Wednesday morning.

Basketball Team Is Delightfully Feted By Emily Timmerman

Miniature Pep Meeting Judged by Sponsors Held After Dinner

The members of the basketball team were delightfully entertained at a buffet supper given by Emily Timmerman, better known to everyone as "Timmie." The affair was Wednesday night, January 10, before the beginning of the basketball season.

The girls arrived at Timmie's home with much talk and laughter about 6:30. Of course, there were a few who were late, as usual, but the earlier arrivals had not eaten all the chicken salad, potato chips, ice cream, and other delicious food. There was little left for the cook, so everyone hoped she had eaten her dinner before hand.

President of Goucher Speaks to Study Hall

Dr. David Allen Robertson, the president of Goucher College, made a speech about further study to the student body, November 10.

He pointed out the fact that although college was not the only way and place to obtain further study, it was the easiest way.

He said a college can judge a student on the basis of whether he does only the required amount of work and has to be prompted to do that, or whether he is eager to learn anything he can about a subject.

Agnes Scott Entertains Seniors at Campus Party

The Senior class was delightfully entertained by Agnes Scott at a "spend the day" party on the Agnes Scott campus on Saturday, March 10.

There the girls had a chance to mingle with girls from the other city high schools and to catch glimpses of college life which some of them expect to experience next year

Mrs. Scott Lectures On Broadway Plays

Current Broadway Plays, an illustrated lecture, was given by Mrs. Samuel Scott, of New York, in Washington Seminary auditorium March 7, under the auspices of the Atlanta Chapter of the American Association of University Women as a benefit for the local scholarship fund. Miss Emma and Mr. Scott were hosts of the occasion; Mr. Scott, of Atlanta, presenting Mrs. Scott of New York at the request of Mrs. Heath, an officer of the Atlanta Chapter of A. A. W. W.

Mrs. Samuel Scott, known to Atlanta theatre goers through her connection with New York Theatre Guild two years ago, lectured to a large, appreciative audience. She commented upon twenty or so of the most popular plays of the present New York season. Screen pictures were used to interpret many of the interesting parts of each play reviewed.

Miss Thompson Speaks To School of Vassar

Miss Mildred Thompson, Dean of Vassar, Atlantan, recognized as a leader in higher education, spoke to the Seminary on March 22.

She described the college and its activities, and told what this college could offer to high school graduates.

Vassar with its beautiful buildings and old trees in the midst of an 800 acre campus, is one of America's most noted colleges for women. Vassar has just opened its new gymnasium whichin cludes all sports "under cover."

She said no one can work effectively unless he plays a great deal,

She pointed out that one reason for Southern girls going to Vassar is that they will meet girls from all parts of the country. "There should be an interchange of students from different sections of the country," she said, "This will create a better understanding among our people and better sectional relations will thereby be established."

Dr. Anderson, of Wesleyan College, created a new train of thought by his speech last Thursday morning when mentioning the development of taste. If we would try to improve our sadly neglected tastes, inspectors would have an easier time of picking up after the rest of us. Our tastes certainly appear to be extremely messy.

GET BUSY

"The earth is our workship; the universe is our exercise ground; life is our opportunity Let us get busy."—Calvert.

Georgia Day Observed With Program Given By History Classes

Students, Headed by F. Young, Take Part in Honoring Famous Georgian

Founders Day of Georgia was very fittingly observed on February 12, by a program in chapel sponsored by the American History classes.

Letters Come Home From East and West

This year finds Seminary girls at colleges in extreme ends of the United States—New England and California.

Sarah Traynham is in New England. She is a highly honored scholarship student at Mount Holyoke, living in a cooperative student residence house. She writes from Holyoke—

"I love it, Mrs. Heath. It is beautiful, especially my house, a very old place owned by a Mr. Skinner, the silkman. It's his hobby and he keeps it beautifully. It is painted and papered and fixed up within an inch of its life. And I have a very cute roommate from Columbus, Ohio. She's really a darlyn." Sarah concludes with a declaration of "love" for everything about the college—surroundings, people, classes.

From Leland Stanford University on the Pacific coast, comes equally enthusiastic news of Pattie Langston, a student in an institution that discriminates against women. A girl has to be exceptional to be admitted to Leland Stanford.

Smith College Trustee Speaks in Chapel

One of the most attractive speakers to address the student body this year was Mrs. G. B. Ford, Resident Trustee of Smith College.

After she had finished speaking, every girl in school would have gladly signed up for a year at Smith after graduation.

Giddy Gossip

By Rachel '&' Mart

Well, yes, we're it—the gossip getters. So please, don't begin to dodge us 'cause we're your friends

—not poison. Let this be your motto: "Tell something about your friend before she can tell the same about you."

CHRISTMAS DINNER

OUT OF DOORS

IN THE SNOW

ABOUT SCHOOL

MAY PAGEANT

MAY COURTS

Yesterday

and

Today

MAY COURT OF 1933

Clare Haverty, Lucia Smith, Betty Huff, Marie Camp, Leone Brooks (Maid-of-Honor), Anne Alston (Queen), Lawson McAfee, Joyce Smith, Virginia Green, Rosebud Leide.

Flower Girls and Train Bearers: Dorothy Ogden, Elsie Preston, Betty Ogden.

MAY COURT OF 1934

Beverly Rogers, Anne Dargan, Elizabeth Treseder, Frances Latimer (Queen), Pat Allen (Maid-of-Honor), Helen Lowndes, Sara Hopkins, Emily Timmerman.

FRANCES LATIMER ..... *May Queen*
PAT ALLEN ..... *Maid-of-Honor*

MAY DAY

An unusual and altogether delightful event was May Day this year at the Seminary. The initial dance, in the nature of a prologue, depicted the myth that tells of the coming of Apollo in his sun chariot to make the earth warm and to usher in the spirit of Spring. This took place before the grand march, concluded by the entrance of the Seniors, in whose honor May Day is celebrated. From this time the festivities were on an old English theme or mode of observing the coming of spring. In keeping with the old English custom, all the merrymaking and pageantry took place before the May Queen and her Court, supplemented by the entire Senior Class, the Queen and her court being seated on a platform for which the back-ground was impressive arched columns. There were hobby-horses—little ones and big ones, milk maids who toe-danced on their pails, mummers with their artificial big heads, sword dancers, Morris dancers, and shepherdesses, even Robin Hood with beautiful Maid Marion. The Seniors agreed in unison, "It was a lovely May Day!"

—ROBERTA CREW.

PREFACE

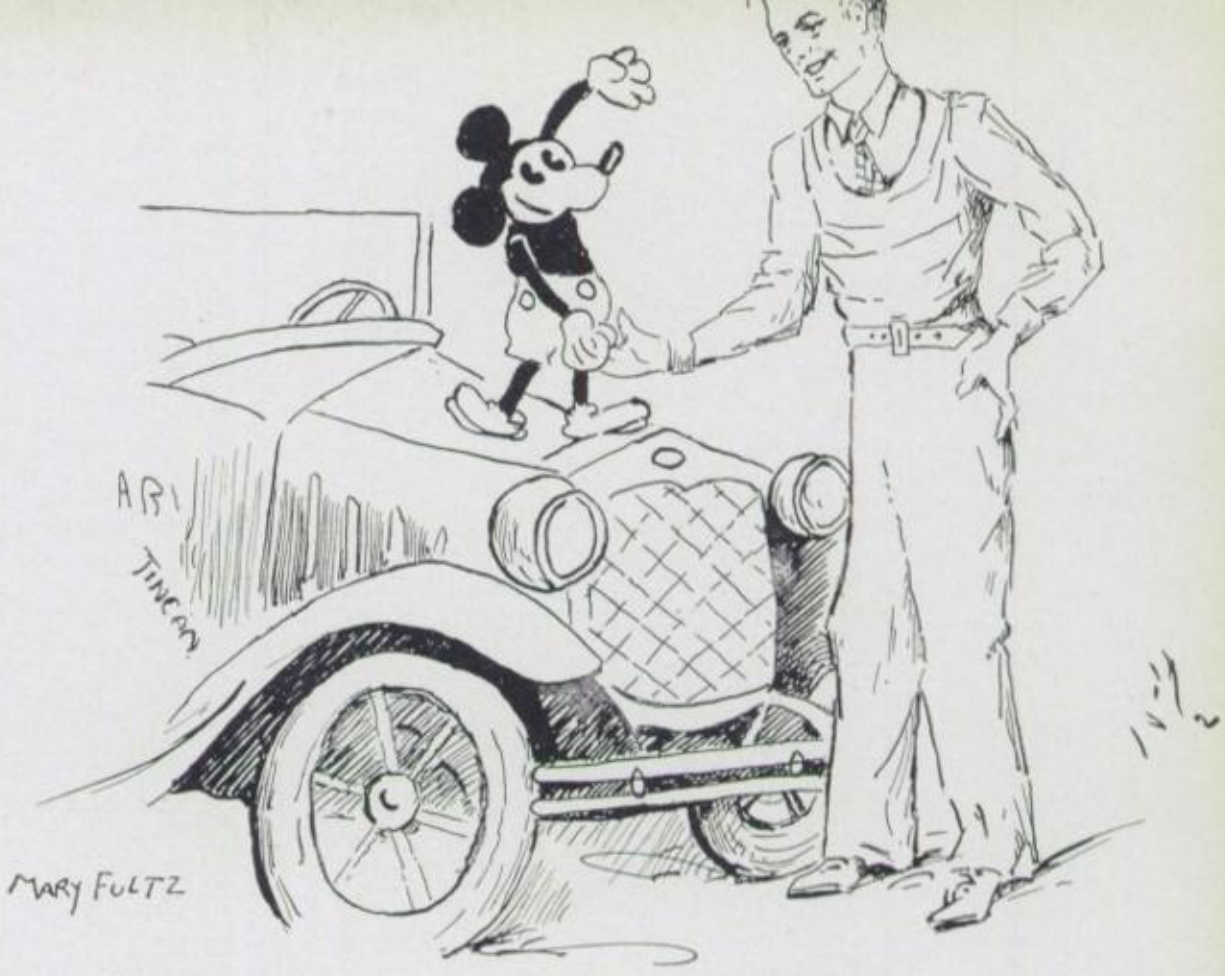
FACTS AND FANCIES has for years devoted a section exclusively to the literary undertakings of the Senior Class. This year the staff is unusually proud to print the results of the Senior Short Story Contest along with a number of other contributions worthy of recognition. Nancy Branyon received the high honor of first place in the contest with *A Mouse and a Man,* a clever story of a clever girl. *It's Possible,* by Joan Root, took second place and *Never Too Late,* by Betty Lee, came in third. The former should prove an inspiration to any girl who is the victim of an inferiority complex. The essays and reviews have been selected as typical of other class composition and with a view to adding variety. Unfortunately, the decision of the D. A. R. contest is not announced until graduation night; consequently, the winning essay is not available for publication.

Poetry is another phase of writing in which the Seminary is particularly interested. The verse included in this volume, however, is entirely voluntary, as the writing of poetry is not a Senior English project.

The limitations of space have had to be seriously considered in the selections, and the staff regrets that it has been unable to use many contributions equally as excellent as those chosen.

MIMI BOPP, *Literary Editor.*

A MOUSE AND A MAN



(First Place in the Short Story Contest)
By NANCY BRANYON

"Oh, for goodness sake!" I backed out from under the bed on my hands and knees, a look of disgust, anger, and utter helplessness on my face.

"Hey, where are you, and what are you doing?" Mary called as she came through the house to my mother's room where I sat, chin in hands looking like a tire with all the air let out.

"What is the matter with you? You look like you were on your last round-up," she greeted me.

"Aw, I hope I am," I answered peevishly.

"Well, whatever it is, don't let it get you down."

Mary is one of these girls who can't be subdued at a crucial moment. Her enemies call her fat, but I, being her best friend, say she only has a good Mae West figure.

"Did Mama say anything to you when you came in?" I enquired.

"She told me you were gunning for a mouse. Now, darling," she said sweetly, "you have been gunning for men for sometime, but why pick on a defenseless creature like a mouse!"

"It's like this," I began to explain. "The cat brought in a mouse, just the tiniest little one, and while she was torturing it and even Mamma scolding her, I calmly walked over and made her turn it loose."

"You what?" Mary screamed at me. She can't even bear the thought of a mouse.

"I made the cat turn the mouse loose," I answered patiently. "And now Mother is having spasms because one teeny-weeny little mouse is left free to roam in this house. So, I have to hunt for it. She says I can't go out this afternoon 'till I find it."

With that I made a dive into the clothes closet, a sort of daily-dozen dive, if you know what that is.

"Is there insanity in your family?" Mary inquired in an awed whisper. "Or have you bumped your head too hard?"

Silence, while I banged around the closet. As I came out and went under the bed again, Mary began to ask questions.

"What time did you get in this morning? Did you have a good time? Did you meet anybody on your trip?"

The "trip" was my return from school.

"Listen to me, honey," I called from under the bed. "I met the most gorgeous creature this morning! He is absolutely perfect. He is built like Johnny

Weismuller, talks like Bing Crosby, and looks like no other man. He beats 'em all."

"He must," Mary said without enthusiasm.

"Wait a minute, and I'll tell you what happened," I said reproachfully. "You see, he was on the same Pullman, and he was the only man in that huge bunch of girls. I am telling you they ran him ragged!"

"And you?" Mary exclaimed reproachfully, with a lift of her left eyebrow.

"Listen, Mug," I answered with withering scorn, "when I run after a man, it will be something else."

"I hope so," she chimed in.

Mary can be very sympathetic at times, but at other times she just runs a one-track mind.

"Oh, be patient, will you?" I begged her. "While those girls nearly suffocated that lonely man, I remained very subdued and stand-offish, as if he never existed. But when they went to the dining car for a late breakfast, he and I stayed in the car alone, and I did very well by myself. He began talking to me, and I played the clinging-vine type."

Mary began to powder her nose. Mary's nonchalance is provoking at the wrong time.

"I don't even know his name, Mary," I complained with exasperation, "but he seemed to think that was unimportant. I just called him 'Prizo' with a long *i* if you please, as the other girls did.

"You see, he's been in Valpairaiso—that's in South America, 'couse you'd never know—where his father is doing some construction work in a big way. He fell for my line, and said he would like to see the rest of my family if I was a fair sample."

Mary viewed me with mock composure until I had finished my say.

"He had to dash to look after his baggage before I had a chance to find out where he is staying in Atlanta. But he has my address, all right, all right."

"That's good. Now let me talk." Mary launched off into a description of Mrs. MacGossip's nephew, Curt Newton, whom it seemed Mary had just caught a glimpse of, and for whom Mrs. MacGossip was giving the swimming party that afternoon. It seems he is wonderful, too. But I knew that before I could reach him Mrs. MacGossip would have told him all about my bathing suit and all else about me that she thinks is too brief. She'll never be on the unemployed list, that woman, not as long as I live. She'll always have something to talk about.

I was going with Harry, as I always do somehow, and Mary was going with Wimpy. All four were going in Harry's "Model T." But the mouse had to come along and I began to have my doubts.

Beep!

There Harry and Wimpy were, honking their old horn, around in the back yard.

"What'll I do, Mary?" I asked frantically. "I haven't found that damn mouse yet!"

"Oh, come on," Mary encouraged; "You and the mouse have both been punished enough."

"Come in, boys," I heard Mother say.

I scrambled out from under the bed, changed my dress, fixed my face, grabbed my bathing suit out of the closet, stuffed it in a bag with everything else, and dashed out.

"Get in, Small-Change," Harry said, pushing me through the door. "We have been waiting an hour on you."

"Oh shut up, Insignificant!" I retorted. "If I am not worth waiting for, I am not worth taking."

This checked him.

"Nancy had a mou-us. She didn't have it long," Wimp began singing.

"Big game hunter goes to a swimming party," Harry teased.

"Have your fun, children," I said sweetly, "but remember that he who laughs last—la—aw, who cares anyway!"

There's a funny thing about Harry's "Model T," as there is about all of them, I guess. It has no low gear, so every steep hill we came to we had to turn around and back up. As this is the usual procedure, it is of no consequence to us, but it always causes some eye-strain on the part of others who think we are going about it in the wrong way. With less than no trouble at all we reached Mrs. MacGossip's. By this time I was determined to "make" her nephew in the same way I had "made" that wonderful

(Concluded on page 125)

THE NEW AGAINST THE OLD

By MIRIAM BOPP

The taste for modern poetry is acquired with effort and patience. Appreciation of the older poets seems to come much more naturally. Possibly it is because every school child, even from the first grade, is taught that such men as Milton, Chaucer, and Shakespeare are geniuses and whether or not he enjoys reading the classics he must recognize them as such and say he likes them. This is apt to be very harmful as it tends to develop the attitude that because certain things are said to be good they must be accepted as a matter of course. Nothing is stronger than the force of the majority—especially to the unformed mind.

Through the freshman and sophomore years in high school the older poets are stressed. Modern poetry to a boy or girl of that age is usually some little verse the newspaper prints and the page of "Current Poetry" in the *Literary Digest*. Neither of these ever makes an impression. Suddenly like a bolt from the blue the names of Henley, Bridges, Noyes, and Masefield are hurled at him. The first reaction is one of surprise to think that men of this age are important enough to spend valuable time in studying. Next a feeling of annoyance develops over the newness of the whole thing. And finally there appears actual antagonism toward men who have dared to upset well-formulated ideas of years' standing.

What is to be done about this unfortunate situation? And it *is* unfortunate. There is absolutely no reason for worshipping the past to the point that one cannot appreciate the present. There are just as many fine things being written today as there were yesterday. Until the victim of such a sad delusion can be convinced of the narrowness of his view nothing can be done. But once his befuddled brain is cleared, let him not begin with the extreme in strange, exotic creations of the present day, but, rather, with the conservative expressions of the modern.

Rupert Brooke might be the first selection. His was a healthy yet fascinating personality which shines through all his work. His poetry reaches one through the imagination. It is gentle, thoughtful, beautiful, and normal without being pessimistic. Rudyard Kipling would be an excellent second attempt. He is modern in that he is realistic. His writing is vivid, strong, and appealing. The heart-stirring *Ballad of the East and the West* and the simple tribute to a faithful soldier, *Gunga Din*, are probably the best known of his poems and the most enjoyable to a person just encountering realism in poetry. George W Russell will do well as a little advancement into the realm of spiritual and impressionistic verse. He writes exquisitely beautiful descriptions of nature which have a higher significance. They are symbolic of religion. As a dessert for this light diet, try Stephen Phillips, who is noted for spectacular lyric poetry and a dramatic and highly eloquent style. *Marpessa* is the most beautiful of his works in spite of the too ornate, often artificial diction. *A Dream* and *Beautiful Lie the Dead* will bring tears to the eyes of the hardest hearted.

Approach this strange creature known as modern poetry with an open mind and a firm determination to conquer it at any cost. It is nothing to fear; it is merely a sympathetic reflection of life today. Read every word, no matter how dull, meaningless, and boresome the composition may seem. Soon you will find yourself getting something out of it—enjoying it. "Perhaps I ought to go back and read it again," you will say. Do it. Beauty will seep into the lines. In the end you will be as ardent an enthusiast for modern poetry as the writer.

MOON MAGIC

Oh moon,
Mother of artists,
Why do you cradle only those few
Who first saw life from
The silvery radiance of your smile?
Why have you breathed
Only into your children
The joy and ecstasy of expression?

Oh moon,
Step-mother of dreamers,
Is there no love, no understanding
Left for your step-children?
Those who know beauty,
Yet, knowing, must always
Watch and listen while
Your favorite children play?

—*Emily Timmerman.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOX

By MARTHA FOSTER

July, 1492—What's wrong? has the whole world gone mad? The Queen has given almost all her jewels to an insane man, called Columbus, who thinks he can reach India by sailing West. Of course we all know it can't be done, but the Queen has agreed to let him try his luck. Has anyone ever returned who ventured too far? Everyone knows the world is flat. I, who formerly held Her Majesty's most beautiful jewels, am empty.

August, 1492—Mercy on us! They've taken me on this doomed boat. Instead of jewels, I'm holding food—miserable, sticky, smelly bread. I don't like this voyage at all; I'm down in a horrible, messy galley and what's worse, I'm seasick—ugh! It's an awful feeling. Why don't we turn back before it's too late?

October, 1492—No, we didn't fall off. Instead, we arrived in India; at least that's where we are supposed to be. Honestly I never thought we'd get here. I tell you I was scared. We've been here for several days now. This is a beautiful country—plenty of trees and spices and lots of gold. Everything is so peaceful that I'd like to stay here the rest of my days.

December, 1492—Well, we're packing up now and guess what I've got in my pockets? Gold! It feels so good! Columbus put some in my hidden pockets, too. I feel so big and proud now. Won't all those other boxes in the Queen's safe be jealous when they hear about my adventures. I've traveled and have seen plenty, but I can hardly wait to see their faces. They don't know we're even alive.

January, 1493—Well, the worst thing of all has happened. I'm at the bottom of the deep blue sea. I'll tell you how it happened. We were loading up and the Indians were helping us take things to the big boats in those funny little tipsy crafts of theirs. Well, when my time came to be taken I was scared to death. I knew it would turn over the minute they put me in it. Just as I thought, when we got about half way there, somebody moved and over we went—Indians, food, and everything. Now I'm on the bottom of the ocean.

March, 1693—Two hundred y e a r s. Why doesn't something happen?

September, 1753—Something did happen today. Oh, it's so grand! There's been an awful storm—the worst I've known—and it washed me up on the beach. I haven't had much time to look around yet, but what I've seen looks good to me. This rope around me is getting old and rotten; before long all my gold will be falling out. Oh, well; I'm tired of holding it anyway. Wouldn't it be nice if someone poor found me?

May, 1770—My life is changing fast. A little boy came down on the beach today and stumped his toe on me. Later he and his father came and dug me up. Just as they did my rope broke and the gold fell out. Yes, they were poor. It is so good to see their happy faces now.

July, 1776—War has been declared, and the good father has gone to fight for his country. I hope he wins. As this country needs money, I wish they could touch the spring of my hidden drawer.

August, 1890—For some years I've been the property of a farmer. He has divided his estate among his three sons. I've been given to the youngest boy, who says he is going to be a great man in the city.

October, 1929—Oh, how the world has changed. My master is a big business man. He has lots of money. That's not my idea of a success, though. I'm now sitting on his desk holding cigars.

December, 1929—The m o s t awful thing has happened. The stock market has crashed and everybody is either fainting or committing suicide. What fools! It's all over money, too. My master looks so tired. Why can't he find my hidden treasure? Money, money, money! The whole world has gone money-mad. Why don't the poor creatures learn that money won't amount to anything hereafter; that the only thing that counts is how honestly one has led his life here.

January, 1934—After the crash I was put in an antique shop, where I saw life go on in much the same way. One day the shopkeeper gave me to a young lawyer who admired me. He is nice, poor, proud and in love. She's in love with him, too, and would marry him, but, of course, it's the usual thing—money!

June, 1934—Well, sir, I believe it's a case of true love. The girl discovered my secret store of gold just as they were about to give up hope, for her family was trying to make her marry someone else.

I'm old and broken now, but I've seen and enjoyed life. I know that money is of little consequence, but that work and love are all that really matter. I hope my happy young owners profit by my experience.

IT IS POSSIBLE

(Second Place in the Short Story Contest)

By JOAN ROOT

"Here! I've got it!"

"Actually?"

"Sure. I *know* this is the one. Let's see . . ."

"Oh, Johnny, you're wrong again. It fits, all right, but that sunbonnet *can't* go on the pig. Doesn't it look funny?"

Half a dozen boys and girls crowded around the table which was set up in one of the Pullman sections. As they saw what one of their chums had done to the community jig-saw puzzle, they laughed so heartily that the other occupants of the car turned around to smile in sympathy,—that is, all except one. She sat quietly looking out at the monotonous landscape—woods, a small village, a barren field, a shack on a hillside, a field, a cow—then woods and a barren field again. She sighed and turned away. Surreptitiously she glanced across the aisle, then she quickly dropped her eyes and blushed. The effervescent Johnny looked up just as she had peeped at him.

"Excuse me a minute, gang. I think I've found a recruit," Johnny confided, pushing his way through to the aisle. He approached the girl.

"Pardon me, but you look lonesome. Wouldn't you like to join our happy throng?" he grinned.

"No, thank you," frigidly. "I'm quite all right."

Johnny stared a moment, raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, then turned back to his friends.

The girl let her unseeing gaze return to the window. A tear welled up into each eye and she swallowed. Why couldn't she be easy and natural like those interesting boys and girls around the table? Why did she act like such a prude when, inside, she really wasn't? Would she ever find the way to friendship—and happiness?

"Richmond, Richmond!"

Shaken out of her self-analyzing reverie, the girl gathered her bags together, placed a neat but uninteresting hat upon her head, and allowed the porter to help her off the train.

"Lucille! We're so glad you could come up for a few days. How's your mother?" Immediately the girl was surrounded by interested, questioning relatives. The questioning continued all the way from the station to the home of Lucille's grandmother, where she was to stay. In fact, it was still in progress when, a few minutes after Lucille's arrival, the door-bell rang.

"Miss Lucille Hayes. Why, Lucille, it's a special delivery for you from home! Who do you suppose it is?"

All eyes were turned on Lucille as her grandmother handed her the letter. She glanced at the enve!ope.

"G.T. Why, it's from George Taylor!" she exclaimed. Blushing, she turned to explain, "He's a boy at home."

"Ah, it must be love!" sighed an uncle.

"Oh, no!" Lucille turned a deeper red. George was her brother's chum and had written her to collect all the circulars about historic places that she saw, as he had to write a theme on that subject. However, he had helped her make a good impression on the family. They thought she was popular. If they only knew how wrong they were!

The relatives had all gone home, and Lucille, lying in her old-fashioned bed, gazed at the quaint canopy above her

head. The afternoon's experience filled her mind. They thought her popular, did they? Well, why not? She was to be here less than a week and probably would never return. None of the family had seen her since she was a baby. This was her chance to be what she wanted to be.

"Tomorrow," she smiled to herself, "I shall be another girl."

The next morning Lucille awoke with the sun streaming across her face. She stretched lazily, then, remembering her promise to herself, she sprang out of bed and proceeded to make herself as attractive as possible. She was pleasantly surprised by the results.

"Morning, Granny. Grand day!" she smiled at the sweet old lady across the breakfast table.

"Good morning, dear. My, but your rest did you a world of good. Why, you look like a different child this morning! You even have a bit of mischief in your eyes. I like that. . . . Your mother had it as a girl. The boys certainly do like it, don't they?"

"Yes'm. They *do* seem to. . . ." Lucille gazed dreamily out the window.

Granny smiled wistfully at her. How she envied Lucille her youth!

"What would you like to do today, dear?"

"Well, you see, I went into a sort of a decline while getting ready for this trip, so I'd like to go to a beauty parlor this morning, if I may. Then, this afternoon, I want to do a little shopping."

"All right, dear. Come home for lunch if you want to, and be sure to let me know if you need any money."

"Thanks, Granny, but Daddy fixed me up."

An extremely weary, yet lovely girl returned to Granny that evening. She had been extravagant, but the feeling of being good-looking and well-groomed made it well worthwhile. She really felt she was a changed person.

"Your cousins, Josephine and Phil Boynton, are coming over this evening, Lucille."

"I don't believe I've ever heard of them, Granny."

"I doubt if you have. You see, their mother and your mother are first cousins, so you are really second cousins once removed."

"I'll take your word for it. This Virginia genealogy always makes my head swim. I'll go clean up, darling."

"Cousins," thought Lucille, as she applied a lipstick. "I've always had an antipathy for them, but relatives are all I'll have to try my new self on, so—here goes!"

With a final pat to her freshly waved hair, she joined her grandmother in the living room.

"You look very sweet, Lucille. I'm sure you and your cousins will get along well together."

"What are they like, Granny? How old—?"

The door-bell interrupted Lucille, and Granny hurried out in a flurry of crisp black silk. Lucille rose as she heard footsteps.

"Josephine, Philip—this is Lucille."

Lucille smiled self-consciously as she turned, then smiled broadly and quite naturally. Why, they didn't look like *cousins* . . . a girl of, perhops, twenty; a boy, tall, good-looking, a little younger than his sister.

Somehow, Granny and Josephine were seated before the fire discussing ancestors, and Phil was seated on the arm of Lucille's chair. Phil was begging her, pleading with her, to go to the country club dance with him the next night. She accepted.

When Josephine and Phil had left, Lucille sat down at her grandmother's feet and told her that Phil had asked her to a dance but that she couldn't go. She confessed that she was playing a part, that she had never been to a real dance, and that she had never been able to follow anyone—even her dancing teacher. Granny smiled and patted the head in her lap.

"Go to the dance, my dear. You'll have a good time."

"But, Granny, I can't dance."

"Of course you can. Even if you can't, it's high time you learned. Now, go to bed, and tomorrow we'll get a new dress for you. Good-night, my little girl. Sweet dreams."

Lucille, frankly, was trembling with

(*Continued on page* 126)

CURRENT BROADWAY PLAYS

By MIRIAM BOPP and DORA BOWDEN

Mrs. Samuel Scott of New York gave an illustrated lecture on *Current Broadway Plays* Wednesday evening, March 7, 1934 in the Seminary auditorium. The lecture was sponsored by the American Association of University Women with the idea of bringing a cultural opportunity to Atlanta and adding to the scholarship fund. The talk was delightfully informal and the audience responded admirably to the changing moods of the speaker.

At the beginning of her talk, Mrs. Scott pointed out *She Loves Me Not* and *As Thousands Cheer* as the best sellers, as far as box office returns are considered, but by no means the best material on the stage at present as typical of the season's plays.

She commented upon *Ah, Wilderness* and *Days Without End,* marvelous examples of the versatility of Eugene O'Neill. The former is a story of a young boy, ashamed of being decent, in love with a girl whose father objects to him because he is devoted to poetry and that sort of thing. In desperation one night he takes out to dinner a chorus girl. She wants him to drink. He refuses. She wants him to kiss her. To keep from doing this, he manages to fight with the waiter. In the end decency prevails and the boy ceases to be ashamed. *Days Without End,* according to Mrs. Scott, has been unfairly treated. The ideal behind it is magnificent. It tells of a man who, having lost father and mother and all faith in life as a result, falls in love with a fine woman. Belief returns to him. Then in a moment of weakness he is unfaithful to her. His remorse is terrible and more so when he realizes his wife is ill and he feels she will die. All through the play the two natures of a man are depicted by the use of masks. It is a constant struggle between his evil self and the better side of him. In mad despair over the thought of his wife's dying he rushes to the cathedral and there at the foot of a crucifix struggles for the last time with his evil self and overcomes it. To see this play is an inspiration.

The Green Bay Tree, by Mordaunt Sharp, is a play built around an "unreasonable absorbing relationship." Mrs. Scott had with her a letter from the author himself in which he agreed with her characterization of it, adding, also, the word "unwholesome." A rich man, who believes money capable of anything, buys from a drunkard his son. The boy is brought up in the lap of luxury and pampered in every possible way. He falls in love with a practical, fine girl who, realizing how money is ruining his life, tries to help him. She takes him to his real father, but in the end the battle is lost. The insidious germ of luxury has got into his blood.

One of the most interesting comments of all was on Dorothy Massingham's *The Lake.* Katherine Hepburn, the screen actress, played the lead and, it seems, did a very miserable job of it. The reason for her failure is quite apparent. She is young and not experienced enough for a part of that sort. She was pitted against excellent actors and actresses to whom she cannot hold a candle; and last, Miss Hepburn has unfortunately allowed her own personality to dominate the character and personality of the role she is portraying. In all of her work this is very noticeable. *The Lake* tells of a woman with a none too savory past who is planning to be married. Not long before the event she realized she loves her future husband. After the ceremony they drive away completely happy, but the car in which they are leaving skids and plunges into the lake—an artificial body of water planned by a silly, social butterfly of a mother who has sacrificed everything for position. The young husband is killed and his newly-made wife feels she should follow him. In a very touching scene her aunt tries to dissuade her. Whether she drowns herself or not is left uncertain. The Lake is almost a character in itself. It seems to create the atmosphere of falseness in the world in which the daughter and mother live.

Come of Age, by Clemence Dane, had a short life, but it is nevertheless a fine play. A young man, dead a hundred years, pleads to be able to return to life

and live for just a few years until he shall come of age and perhaps make something of his thwarted youth. His request is granted. He lives, only to fall in love with a woman of questionable morals and to die again, disillusioned and reconciled to his fate. The settings of this play are exquisite in every detail.

Mrs. Scott does not make a practice of reviewing musical plays but because of the popularity of the song "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," she mentioned *Roberta.* The music is by Jerome Kern and the play from a novel by Alice Duer Miller. The play is really a gown-maker's holiday.

Men In White, by Sidney Kingsley, is without doubt one of the finest plays of the season. It is so far the only play to present actually on the stage an operating room complete in every detail. It deals with the heroism and self-sacrifice of members of the medical profession and has for its theme the selfishness of a rich girl who insists that her fiance, a young interne, be at her beck and call at every moment, despite his duties at the hospital. The topic is sordid but well done.

Then come plays having elements of propaganda in them. First among these is *They Shall Not Die,* the story of the Scottsboro case. The people of the north seem to regard it more as a problem play of justice than as a racial problem. It is harrowing, but magnificently done. *Peace on Earth* is a production of a new theater group called the Theatre Union, who say they are establishing a theatre for the working class. The Union is located at present in Eva LeGalliene's old theatre. Their first play deals with ship-loaders who, on discovering soap boxes full of ammunition in the cargo, strike. The play is well presented and the crowd seems skillfully handled. Some consider the union a hotbed of communism. Its activities will be watched with interest.

In closing, Mrs. Scott swayed her audience with a review of a second play by Mordaunt Sharp in which rampant humor gives way in the end to pathos, quiet pathos but all the more compelling. *The Crime That Blossomed* is up to the very last raucuously sensational, tragedy commercialized. Then suddenly appears the unoffending victim of the venture who impersonally, without bitterness, discloses the terrible consequences of such morbid gloating over crime.

"There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the red skies all day, and after.
Frost with a gesture stays the waves that dance,
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining place, under the night."

With these lines from Rupert Brooke's *The Dead,* Mrs. Scott concluded one of the most enjoyable events that has ever occurred in Washington Seminary auditorium.

TO A FRIEND

To you, my friend,
God has given to you
The gift of knowing
What is right to do.

No harshness, no ugliness
Can ever come near
So brave a smile
As yours, my dear!

—*Virginia Toombs.*

NEVER TOO LATE

(Third Place in the Short Story Contest)

By BETTY LEE

Margaret Gates lay still in the bed where she had lain for many months. She had regained consciousness for the first time in several weeks. A physician and two nurses stood by the bed watching the gaunt figure in the heir-loom four-poster as the life she had so beautifully lived for others slowly ebbed away. They silently waited for some last word or wish to issue from her lips, but no word came. Margaret Gates realized there was no earthly future for her; and, knowing this, she desired to lie quietlv and during her few remaining hours live in the past.

She was seemingly unaware of the attendants, as she gazed intently at a photograph which was ever present at her bedside. It was the photograph of a young man, a young man whose eyes sparkled with humor, whose mouth was kind but firm and whose face showed in every feature the sheer joy of being alive. It was to this face she turned her eyes, for it was John, her nephew, who alone had aided her to become the woman she had dreamed of being as a girl.

As she looked at the picture, she turned back the pages of her memory thirty-four years to the night that had been the climax of her life. Margaret had been an orphan of wealthy parents. She had ignored the existence of relatives other than her sister, Eleanor, and her sister's four children. She was then twenty and had lived the last few years of her life in her own free way, throwing conventions to the wind, laughing at the shocked glances and smothered whispers which always followed her entrance wherever she happened to go.

She was not happy. If she stopped to think, she would, disgusted and disillusioned, go to the home of her sister and revel in the innocence of the children. So loving and tender was she with them that they adopted for her the name "Pretty Lady." It was the realization of the children's devotion to Margaret that sent Eleanor to her in an effort to make her abandon the wild life she was leading. Margaret had only said, "I'm sorry, Eleanor, there are so many things I'd like to do differently, but it's too late now."

Only two weeks after Margaret's twenty-second birthday, she had been called to the bedside of her sister, whose body had been wretchedly broken in an accident. Eleanor had turned suffering eyes to Margaret and recalling her childhood name for her had said, "I'm going soon, Peg. I can't take the children. It . . . happened suddenly. No . . . arrangements . . . Be good . . . to them, Peg, . . . and love them."

Margaret had not left the children except for dire necessity since her sister's death. In adapting herself to their moods, desires and atmosphere, gentle and comforting, she had forgotten the hard, sophisticated circle of her friends until the entrance of Jim Markly, a worthless cad who had been a most important figure in her past days. His very presence in the room of her new environment seemed sacrilegious to her.

It was the recollection of this incident and the following ones that were closing the last chapter of Margaret's life. She remembered so clearly Jim's reaction to her refusal to return to her old life. He had scoffed at her and insulted her by saying, "After all, Margaret, isn't it a little ridiculous—a woman of your—." She hadn't allowed him to finish. "You've said enough, Jim; please leave me," she had commanded. He had left and not until he had gone had Margaret permitted the tears to run freely down her cheeks. Johnny, the youngest child, had crept in and, putting a comforting hand on hers, had said, "Don't cry, Petrry Lady; I'll never leave you if you'll only smile."

She had smiled then and many times after that when she had wanted to cry, but only for Johnny's sake. She loved the other children but it was Johnny she adored. She had lived for them alone, neither making new friends nor returning to her old ones. She asked nothing of life except happiness for them.

As the years slipped by, they grew into splendid men and women, going gradually into lives of their own, that is, all except Johnny. He had been content and happy in the comradeship of Margaret and scientific research. He had left only a year ago for South America where he was involved in daring investigation. His letters were frequent and he often sent quaint little gifts from out-of-the-way shops. She knew they had not given her the letters from him for fear of exciting her. She knew now that excitement would not matter. Her thoughts were voiced and a startled nurse ran to do her bidding. She returned soon and Margaret selected the latest one. Tears filled those failing eyes as she read,

"My dearest Pretty Lady:

"Today is the day of the final and most dangerous experiment. After it, I'll soon be home with you and we can . . ."

She read no further. She had not allowed word of her illness to be sent to him for fear of disturbing his work. Now she realized there would be no "Pretty Lady" when he returned. Her thoughts were interrupted as a maid entered bringing her a letter. It was from South America, but the writing was strange. She summoned her remaining strength to open it. It was from Johnny's instructor sympathetically and tactfully informing her of Johnny's courageous death. He wrote that his last words had been, "Write to Pretty Lady, but tell her to smile."

For once she did not smile. Instead, she turned her eyes to heaven and silently prayed, "Dear God, He is there with you now. I haven't been worthy always but he believed in me. It was his belief that led me to you in happiness or distress. I ask now, dear Father, that, if I wasn't too late in starting, I may come to you and Johnny now?"

As the tired old heart was beating its last, she visualized an angel of beauty standing with outstretched arms beside her bed saying, "Come, my child, God is good. He forgiveth all sins."

* * *

The nurse stepped to the bedside, not realizing the happiness with which that soul had gone to its eternal resting place.

WINTER DUSK

The sky in the West is crimson and gold
  Behind the barren trees
And the winds are biting and bitter cold,
  Roaring, as angry seas.

The shadows are lengthening, gruesome
    and grey,
  Making the world unreal,
Distorting their features out over the bay
  As cold as frosty steel.

The hush of life falls over all
  Except for the blasting breeze
As the sun sinks low, a fiery ball,
  Leaving last rays, to freeze.

The sun drops low, the crimson dies,
  The gold has left my sight;
The small bat swoops and flopping flies,
  The symbol of winter night.

—Elizabeth Treseder.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER

By ELIZABETH L'ENGLE

A building particularly interesting to me at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago is the Cyclorama, in which is housed the "Pantheon de la Guerre," a large panoramic painting of the World War and its heroes. The various allied nations are represented in this painting. Six thousand heroes are shown in life-like portraits, all who have received the War Cross or who have been mentioned in dispatches.

The larger nations in the Allied Forces are given individual panels or separate sections. Smaller countries are given recognition in combinations. In each the outstanding men of the time of the World War are depicted.

The most significant panel is that of France, the Temple of Victory. A great staircase topped by a statue of the Winged Victory constitutes a background for more than five thousand heroes of France from every form of the service. This panel dominates the entire cyclorama, even more compellingly than the impressive tribute to the unknown dead of France, opposite.

The memorial to the unknown dead is very simple. It is a cenotaph in front of which there is the solitary figure of a woman kneeling. She represents France and could be mother, sweetheart, or sister, mourning her hero, loved all the more for his supreme sacrifice. The background for the cenotaph is a grove of cypress trees that suggests a great silent expanse.

On one side of the Temple of Victory, the French Armies are pictured as returning home triumphant. Farther to the right is the English group—King George V., the Prince of Wales, David Lloyd George, with war nurses, leaders of the army and navy grouped about them. Edith Cavell is pictured farther to the right and with her, Captain Fryatt, both martyrs to the Allied cause.

Still farther to the right may be seen the noble King of Belgium, Albert I., the royal family, and Cardinal Mercier. In front of this section, in a mass of wreckage, may be distinguished altar vessels and crucifixes. The army and navy form a background for this scene.

Italy, too, is represented along with her famous leaders, perhaps not as well known as those of the other Allies. Victor Emanuel III, and his staff, also, the poet Gabriel d' Annunzio, who had a large part in raising the army, dominates this group. And in a lesser portion of the panel are shown the heroes of Portugal. This section terminates at the memorial panel featuring the cenotaph.

Immediately following the latter comes the section in which the United States dominates. The first feature in this is the group from China, a recognized protege of the United States—workmen in the war factories. The United States is symbolized by a bust of Washington. Five types of American manhood on whom this country drew heavily during the World War are shown—the business man, the cowboy, the Indian, and the worker, led by a West Point Cadet who stands for the trained officers. Beneath the bust of Washington, President Wilson is shown reading his War Message and in the group behind him stand Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, ex-presidents, and Herbert Hoover, a later president. The leaders of the army and navy are shown in the foreground. Among these Pershing is significant.

Following in close succession are the sections devoted to Montenegro, Serbia, Japan, Russia, and Roumania. Next is shown the return of the flags. This brings the cyclorama again to the wonderful Temple of Victory.

The battlefields of France form the background of the cyclorama as they looked from 1914 to 1918. The entire effect of this beautiful painting, the largest in the world, is awe-inspiring. It is the tribute of many great artists to the living and dead heroes of the World War.

WAVES

Waves—
Turbulent, raging,
Cursing the shore with a hiss.
Waves—
Gentle, caressing,
Greeting the shore with a kiss.

—Joan Root.

A ROSE

Tears of God
Shed in happiness
Of His handiwork,
The world grew one day,
Blooming with paled colors
In a rose.

—Elizabeth Treseder.

THE STAIRS OF LIFE

From the cradle
The stairs of life
Lure us.
Those first few steps
Are easy.
We wonder at
The simplicity of life,
Until the fifteenth step
Is a bit bumpy,
And we stumble,
Only once.
Yet, as we climb,
The edges of the steps
Become more jagged.
Fascinated,
We push on;
And, as we
Near the top
And look back,
We realize
Those jagged edges
Made life.

—Betty Lee.

RAIN

Do you like rain?
I do.
It is fresh
Yet dull and monotonous.
Some hate it;
I like it.

It glistens like gems
On the trees,
In the grass,
Delightfully cool and clean,
Yet saddening.
Still I like it.

It brings to me dreams
Of home,
Firesides,
Of happy days long gone.
Some hate it;
I love it!

—Virginia Murray.

OUT OF THE DEPRESSION

By GENEVIEVE BAIRD.

"Wall, Joe, how am dis here depression iffectin' you?"

"Oh, I'se jest easin' 'long, but Ah tells you, Willie, b'lieve me it's gettin' wusser an' wusser lookin' fer a job and yet keepin' from findin' one."

The people whom Joe used to work for had got the "depression bug" and had fired him to decrease expenses. However, Joe's wife had not liked his being idle and she had sent him from house to house to ask the "dear people" to give him work of some kind.

"I'se got plenty o' work," continued Joe, "wid makin' dese here dice do what Ah wants dem to, much less worryin' mahself out tryin' not to find a job. But you know things is gettin' pretty hot. Why, jest yestiddy, Ah went to a lady by de name o' Miss White an' asked her fo' a job coz I hadn't had one in two years. An' you know what she says? Says she, 'you poor thing! Come by tomorrow and I'll see if I can give you a permanent job.' O Lawd, Ah hopes she gets de depression bug too, and . . ."

"Lawsey boy," broke in Willie, "don't you be a fool an' work fo' white folks. You work fo' de gover'ment. De gover'ment, it gives you money whut is money. You know de gover'ment's under de N.R.A., an' no madder what you do, dey gotta give you lots o' money. De white folks, dey's s'pose to be under de N.R.A., too, but dey ain't. Dey bootlegs der labor. Dey hang a blue eagle on de front do' and smile at de policemen an' nobody knows de difference. Ah'se got a good mind, Joe, to tell 'em."

"Oh, Ah knows 'bout de N.R.A. Dat's what Mr. Rose-a-velt done, ain't it? Dey say he's de man dat's draggin' back prosperity. Dey's always talkin' 'bout how wonderful he is. Ah's sick an' tied o' hearin' Rose-a-velt done dis, an' Rose-a-velt done dat. Why don't dey say sumpin' innerestin' 'bout him? Dey foun' somethin' wrong wid ever udder president. Why, ever'thing dat man does people likes. De udder day he says he wants ten billion dollars to help de po'r, an' you know as well as Ah do dat if day gives ten billion dollars, ever'body would be de po'r!"

"Joe, you doan' know what you's talkin' 'bout. Rose-a-velt's de one dat's gonna help de forgotten man."

"De forgotten man? Who's he?"

"You ain't go no disgression, Joe. But Ah tell you, if you intend to go playin' roun' dese days, you sure gotta hab money. An' nobody's got it 'cept de gover'ment."

"Wall, it ain't gonna do nobody no wrong to see what proposition dey can make me. I'll be seein' you sometime."

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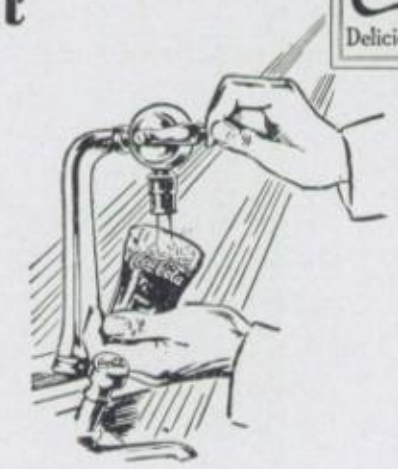

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Idea of Happiness	Idea of Misery
Allen, Patricia	"Pat"	"Has anybody seen my fountain pen?"	To be a big shot	Chicago	Being silent
Arechavala, Sara	"Sardi"	"You all can go in my car."	To achieve high voltage	To be neat	No camera
Baird, Genevieve	"Gennie"	"Horse fishes"	To find it and reach it	New scenes with old friends	Monotony
Baker, Saralouise	"Jackie"	"And he said . . ."	A military wedding	"Brett"	March 14, 1934
Bopp, Miriam	"Mimi"	"So"	To be an actress	"Dick"	Leaving Atlanta
Bowden, Dora	"Dodo"	"Mrs. Heath said—"	To go off to college	Miami	A local college
Bradley, Jean	"Jeany-Weeny"	"That's darling!"	Marry a rich man and travel	Texas	Winter
Branyon, Nancy	"Nancy"	"What next?"	To have no worries	To be with him	A blonde rival
Brown, Anne	"Anne"	"Nuts"	To go to Annapolis	No school	School
Clark, Helen	"Skeet"	"Aw shoot"	To play Liebestraum	To travel on the sea	To settle down
Crew, Roberta	"Bobbie"	"Rats"	To go to South Africa	To laugh at Ruth Hunnicutt	To be called "Red"
Dargan, Anne	"Week-end Annie"	"All right Catherine"	A different one every week-end	To have one that will be true	No Catherine
Duke, Louise	"Duke"	"Hey, Baker!"	To be in love	Dates	No dates
Emerson, Dorothy	"Dot"	"I don't know what I'm going to do."	To find her notebook	Duke University	A girls' school
Foster, Martha	"Marthey"	" 'Deed, it do"	A little white house	A rolling "Stone"	No Ward
Freeman, Nelle	"Nellie Pie Bly"	"Let me tell you what I heard"	Controlling partner in "Heinz 57"	Date with Charlie	No "Alodia Wisteria"
Fultz, Mary	"Foots"	"Darn"	To marry a rich man	To get home	To be at school
Gray, Catherine	"Kate"	"Anne, come here"	To chase pigs at Lakemont	Whitten Boulevard	Cooking and "Hon"
Gresham, Eloise	"Ella"	"Ta-druth"	To sing over the radio	Slot Machines	No "New" store
Hancock, Adele	"Dele"	"Well"	To graduate	Good food	Boarding
Hopkins, Sara	"Sally"	"Wonder what he's doing?"	To have her sense of humor understood	Athens	No S.A.E.'s
Hunnicutt, Ruth	"Roofie-Doofie"	"Alloweze"	To have sleeping sickness	No work	To work
Johnston, Rosa	"Rosa"	"Come up t' see me sometime"	To marry a multi-millionaire	Hollywood	Being away from Macon
Knight, Helen	"Honey"	"Heunk"	To draw and paint	Letters from Miami	No mail
Latimer, Frances	"Fanny"	"That kills me"	Pahl	Pahl	No Pahl

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DEPARTMENT

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Idea of Happiness	Idea of Misery
Lee, Betty	"Drunkard"	"So, what?"	To get to Charlotte	Not be in love	To be in love
L'Engle, Elizabeth	"Bess"	"I don't know"	To be a designer	To have dates on school nights	Lessons
Lowndes, Helen	"H. C."	"You know me, Al"	To get married	To ride in "Henry"	Bills
Martin, Betty	"Bets"	"All right"	To finish school	To go to Erskine College	To be away from Bill
Miller, Jean	"Sphinx"	"Nertz"	To be an artist	Week-ends at Macon	Study hall
Moore, Harriet	"Hattie"	"Marion"	Florida	Florida	No Florida
Murray, Virginia	"Jenks"	"Timmie"	To be a Monk	Monkeying around	No basket ball
Neuhoff, Clare	"Clare"	"Wait a minute"	To have that tooth paste smile	To show animation	No new clothes
Roddey, Marguerite	"Rita"	"Oh, yeah!"	To be a little tootie	Olin	To keep still for five minutes
Rogers, Beverly	"Bouncing Baby"	"You little tootie—clack clack"	To be a good diver	To give the glad eye	No dates
Root, Joan	"Jack"	"Nertz"	Root-Beers	Jimmy	No Beers
Scott, Elizabeth	"Bibber"	"I ain't got a chance"	Mae West	"Paddy, the next best thing"	Deezie and Lawson early in the
Scott, Marie	"Deezie"	"Aw, I don't love him"	To get a job—any job	The Beach	Competition
Shivers, Dorothy	"Dots, Dear"	"Tell me!"	To become a Shepherdess	Lakemont and him	No night club
Thiesen, Christine	"Chris"	"Oh, my heavens"	To be able to think quickly	Holidays	No tinfoil
Timmerman, Emily	"Timmie"	"Virginia"	To find new words to use	Chapel speaking	No speeches
Toombs, Virginia	"Tubby"	"Oh!"	To raise dogs	Washington	Hair pins
Treseder, Elizabeth	"Libby"	Taylor	To always be with "T"	Dallas	Golf and bridge
Walker, Anne	"Annie"	Really?	To go to Charleston	Jack Branch	No bobby pins
Whitaker, Annie Lou	"Lou"	"I've got to see Miss Schaeffer"	To go to college	No algebra	No winter
Wilkinson, Marion	Marion	Hattie	To be with Hattie	Florida	Street cars
Witherspoon, Emogene	"Gene"	"So, what?"	To leave Atlanta	Horseback riding	Standing up
Yates, Mary Frances	"Fran"	"I dunno"	To impress Mrs. Heath	Swimming	Not doing anything
Young, Frances	"Fat Mama"	"Bring something for the Glee Club"	To sing	To be with Tibbie	Chemistry

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HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 39)

Among our Senior successes of a non-athletic nature was the Senior Class Play, "Polly with a Past." March 6th, Senior Recognition Day, inaugurated for the first time in the history of the school an All-Senior Day. Seniors were put in charge of the school. The experiment proved such a success that Mr. Scott and Miss Emma gave an extra holiday at Easter to Seniors with an "A" average. We enjoyed being "teachers for a day," but especially did we enjoy the extra holiday.

The publication staffs this year have been competent with Dora Bowden as Editor-in-Chief and Joan Root as Business Manager of Factss and Fancies and Elizabeth Treseder as Editor-in-Chief and Helen Lowndes as Business Manager of The Missemma.

Among good times to be remembered are the parties given by Miss Emma and the faculty—hilarious heart dice parties when we were Sophomores and Juniors and a grown-up tea this year just before Miss Emily Mathew departed for Europe. The lovely Junior tea for us further emphasized our passing seniority and the alumnae a few days ago, so graduated us in grown-up-ness that I hope we shall prove ourselves quite equal to the reception tonight which is our real good-bye to school girl days at the Seminary.

After graduation tomorrow night we shall be Alumnae, but never shall we forget the joyous days we have spent at the Seminary, nor cease to be grateful to the faculty for their guidance and instruction.

Frances Young.

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PROPHECY

(*Continued from page* 40)

New York City—Miss Helen Clark, noted actress, scores another hit in *What's It All About*.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Anne Brown and Miss Elizabeth L'Engle have opened a dancing school to teach little girls to be graceful. Toe dancing is their specialty.

Atlanta, Georgia—Miss Rosa Johnston has been chosen Queen of the Mardi Gras. For the first time the honor has been given to a non-resident of Louisiana.

This program has come to you through the courtesy of the Wo Fried Pies Co., Inc., makers of apple, peach, and apricot delicacies, now operated by Betty Martin, authority on gastronomics. Your announcer is Clare Neuhoff.

—CLARE NEUHOFF.

PROPHECY

(*Continued from page* 41)

was sent to Russia by the *New York Times* to cover the Expedition of 1943. Bibber and Deezie Scott are attempting a trip around the world but they have been waylayed in Italy for three months. Deezie simply can't leave the scenes referred to in her careful study of Virgil. Jean Miller is joke editor of Ballyhoo and Annie Lou Whitaker has been making a living tight-rope walking across Times Square.

It was growing late and Chris needed her beauty sleep; so she rose and took her leave, saying how delightful the evening had been.

Ho-hum. It's been a long time since I have seen any of my old class-mates. Years do slip by so quickly. I wonder what the next ten will bring?

—MIMI BOPP.

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A MAN AND A MOUSE

(*Continued from page* 100)

man on the train, if for nothing else, to make Harry a little more attentive.

We sauntered toward the pool, but I was stopped by a few who wanted to ask some questions about school.

The others had changed into bathing suits by the time I had reached Mrs. MacGossip, who was standing by the edge of the pool with a young man.

"Oh, honey, do come here, and let me introduce you to my nephew," she greeted me, indicating the young man at her side.

I turned to him, and as I looked up, imagine my surprise when I found myself being introduced to "Prizo."

It was such a shock that the swimming bag I had fell from my hand to the ground, and the things spilled out.

Now let me explain something. Everyone says I did it purposely, but I know it was merely an accident for I had entirely forgotten the mouse. When the bag came open and everything fell out, why out came the poor frightened mouse that had in some way hidden himself in my bathing suit. As he ran for safety, the first thing that looked like refuge was Mrs. MacGossip's long skirt, so he took it. She gave one yell, grabbed my hand, and the two of us went over backwards into the pool, with her screaming and spluttering.

Now everyone knows I am a pretty good swimmer, but when Harry heard me yell, he immediately followed me into the pool. "Prizo," being the perfect gentleman, came in too. He reached me first and brought me out. Therefore, as much as he hated it, Harry had to drag Mrs. MacGossip out.

Everybody crowded around. I know I looked bedraggled, still I couldn't have looked as bad as Mrs. MacGossip. I can still see her. She looked a scream. She is fat, very fat, and wears numerous petticoats. They were all wet and streaming water, and she was puffing and blowing.

I could tell she had reached the boiling point, and that she would have liked to boil me, too. Instead, she started to bawl me out, but no one would listen to her. Then she happened to remember that after all, she was my hostess, so she took me into the house to get me some dry clothes. To this day she thinks I brought that mouse on purpose to torment and humiliate her. However, I didn't, so I gave the mouse the credit.

Mrs. MacGossip presented me with one of her dresses to wear. It dragged the floor on me, so I took a few pins, draped it tightly around my figure and let the rest serve as a train. After some repairs to my face and hair, I swaggered out to make my conquest.

During the remainder of the afternoon, "Prizo," for I still called him that, and I stayed together, and if I do say it, I know I had him where I wanted him. Also I knew that while the little "twosome" was going on, Harry's eyes were getting greener and greener, and his heart knew only murder for "Prizo."

When we were leaving, "Prizo" came to me and said softly, "I hope you will save a few dances for me tonight, little girl."

My lashes slowly rose and slowly fell, as I answered demurely, "Why, certainly."

We took off in a hurry. Harry always takes off in a hurry when he is mad about something.

"Listen to me, my heart's desire," he tuned in on me, "if you are so wild for this great ache, why get him. But why do it with that Civil War stuff?"

"When you can analyze women as I can men," I answered him frigidly, "why then you can tell me how I am to go about my methods of attack."

We took Mary and Wimpy home, and then started to my house, but on the way something got wrong with the car.

Harry got out to see what was the trouble, and I climbed out with him.

He raised the hood of the car and peered in, and out jumped that mouse! I've heard of cats being blessed with nine lives, but this mouse must have had nineteen lives, and all of them charmed.

Harry turned to me, and I smiled at him. He smiled back, and I thought to myself that it wouldn't make much difference to me if "Prizo" had to go back to Valpairaiso, or anywhere, because I didn't care for anybody but Harry. As I watched the mouse scampering up the bank, I murmured to nobody in particular, "Who's afraid of the little gray mouse!"

(*Continued from page* 104)

fear as she entered the ballroom on Phil's arm the next evening. Perhaps it was not a praying matter, but Lucille breathed, "Oh, God, help me to dance!"

What was that Phil was whispering in her ear? Could it be true? "You're a wonderful dancer." It *was* true. She was following him, lightly, easily. Why, all it took was concentration until you got the swing of it. Oh, what a heavenly evening. . . .

On the way home Phil turned to the dreamy girl beside him.

"How long will you be here, 'Cele?

"I'm leaving day after tomorrow. Worse luck."

"That's impossible! Why, I just met you."

"I know, but my ticket has been bought, and I must meet the family to go with them to the seashore."

"Something like this would have to happen. But, anyway, we'll have tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you? Mother said I might have a dinner for you at our house. I've already asked three other couples; so you'll have to come."

"I'd love to. You know that."

Lucille was undressing after Phil had left when Granny entered and kissed her.

"Have a good time, dear?"

"Perfect! Absolutely! Oh, Granny, I *can dance!*" She whirled around the room and flung herself on her beaming grandmother.

"You knew me better than I knew myself. Thanks for making me go."

Lucille gazed speculatively into the mirror as she added the finishing touch to her toilette the next afternoon.

"This will be my final test. If I can meet other boys and girls without being afraid of them, I'll have graduated with honors. I wonder . . ."

At first, when she was introduced to half a dozen strangers at once, she was nervous. The girls, however, took her upstairs to put her coat away, and they soon became friends. In fact, they seemed anxious to be nice. They looked up to her for some reason. Well, she *did* look her best. Lucille was walking on air when they re-entered the living-room, arm in arm.

The dinner passed easily, gaily. It was rather formal until one of the boys tried to eat his tomato cocktail with a spoon, then everyone settled down to being himself. Afterwards there was a poker game. When that dulled, Phil asked Lucille to dance. A few moments later, Lucille glanced around and saw the other girls seated in a dejected row on the couch, while the three boys were standing in rapt admiration, waiting to dance with her. She chuckled to herself. It was cruel to laugh. She did feel sorry for the others, for if anyone knew how it felt to be a wall-flower, she did. But that was just what was funny.

Before the evening was over, Phil and Lucille were the only couple on the floor. The rest sat around and watched and wouldn't let them stop dancing until they were exhausted.

When everyone had gone, Phil took Lucille home. They stood in the hallway, he holding her hand.

"It seems impossible that it's over so soon," he told her.

"Yes, it's been heavenly. . . Too good to be true. . . ."

"Can't you possibly stay longer, 'Cele?"

"You know I can't Phil, much as I'd like to."

"But you *will* write to me?"

"Of course."

"And you *will* come back to Richmond?"

"I'll come back as soon as I can."

"Well . . . Goodbye, 'Cele."

"Goodbye, Phil."

" 'Cele . . .?"

"Yes?"

"May I kiss you goodbye?"

Lucille's pulse quickened. He wanted to kiss her. No boy had ever wanted to do that before. Should she, or should she not . . .?

"Yes, Phil, you may."

A fleeting moment that she was destined never to forget! . . . Lucille knew then that she had graduated with flying colors.

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